

# THE RADICAL.

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## NATURAL DEMOCRACY.

UNDER this title it is proposed to present a historical sequel to the articles on 'American Religion' and the 'Spiritual Promise of America,' in earlier numbers of *The Radical*.

I concede that History seems at first sight to forbid the use of the term, and to announce very decisively that Human Nature is *not* democratic.

States have apparently been but the best a few master workmen could do with poor materials. In the Hebrew legend, Moses could not make all the people prophets as he wished; so broke his brave tablets, and threw his stiff-necked idolaters a ritual. Solon gave his Athenians "not the best constitution he could devise, but the best they would receive." So Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, fathers of the American Constitution, accepted their own work under protest, to save the state from dissolution. And the statesmen and prophets are still known by their perpetual protest against the policies of the popular managers. Thus great men look great at the expense of their cotemporaries, and belittle the crowds on whose heads their hands are laid in blessing.

The elder nations are scarcely at best more than autographs of certain eminent persons. And of Moses, Solon, Confucius, Socrates, Plato, Seneca, Jesus, Paul, we might almost say that their times were their vehicle merely, existing to transmit *them* and then die, having done enough, in doing so much. The strutting democracies of Judea and Greece silently dissolve into a few grand individuals. Only these lived on, because only these had the bread which feeds the race; because, too, they carried the Judgment Day in their foreheads. The

very touch of Isaiah's bones makes dead ages live. His words are live men and immortals: after centuries have passed, they inspire a Jesus; they revolutionize states to-day: while the men to whom they were spoken are more lifeless to us now than any words, however idle.

We give nations the go-by, and hasten after every such person. Is not this the Unit? Are not the masses mere strings of ciphers beside it, only multiplying its value? The deepest law is, that power is invisible and inaudible. We may make as much popular clamor as we choose in our day; but the one voice that we drown turns out the loudest, if only it has dared pronounce an Eternal Thought.

This does not look democratic: but it is so. *For that which makes a person great is always the Universality of his Thought; in other words, the Scope of his Representative Capacity.* Though the crowds disappeared, no impulse that animated them was lost. The best of each was drawn up into a man, that it might thenceforward live effectively in the finest essence of its vitality. And thus it is found that a group of such ultimate persons crowns each successive upheaval of historical progress. In accordance with this law, larger and richer groups, as you follow down, testify of a larger variety of social experience to be represented. No longer on these Mounts of God shall stand some solitary Moses in the name of this people; some little fraternity, Socrates, Plato, Pericles, in the name of that; or a John, a Jesus, and a Paul, to report that Hebrew ardor was reinforced by ethnic breadth. See what circles of manifold life instead! There in the Reformation group, they had Huss, Savonarola, Tauler, Wiclif, Luther, Erasmus, Zwingli, Carlstadt, Hütten, Boehme; there were Mystic, Man of the World, Scholar, Theologian, Logician, Soldier, Artisan. Every life-wave of that volcanic epoch comes spiring up into an immortal person. By and by the larger throe of our English Revolution adds the Statesman, the Poet, the Political Democrat, the Religious Liberal; adds a Milton, a Marvell, a Cromwell, a Hampden, a Sidney, a Vane. Last and widest, this American Regeneration lifts into one band of representative reformers such variety of genius as answers to every element of the richest civilization. Have not the States provided representative men or women for every worthy public impulse and need, political, intellectual, religious? Not one but is impersonated in this dear and honored Council of Liberty, our true Congress, Cabinet, and Supreme Court, to which Washington in all its mismanaged departments is amenable.

How clearly nature hints her democratic purpose here! Every new Olympian group refutes more splendidly than the last the pretence that religions and revolutions are the work of a single erratic class.

Every genuine popular instinct, however blind in the mass, comes to positive and specific value in some person, and *cannot be cheated*. It was always so, more than we are apt to recognize.

Thus History is Representative Government, even in this *Natural Selection*, as we may term it, of special persons as against the masses. The Republic but re-enacts a law of Human Nature, which tyrants never quite suppressed. Never were the people wholly disfranchised: for the great men spoke in all ages, each the inmost aspiration of his time and race. Before votes were invented, there was thus a kind of free suffrage; as free to err in its special choice as voting is, yet even so, sure to get represented in that ideal dress with which it clothed its object. No age, for example, without its popular hero. Never failed the inspiration men feel in honoring him who stands to them for best, because he can speak or live what they fain would, but cannot yet. And what *creative* power in this instinct! It will not be thwarted. Behold the generations, each in its way possessed by its '*Woe is me if I find not a man*;' peering with children's idealizing eyes, through laws, schools, literatures, traditions, functions, persons, after some finer brain, or larger heart, which shall hold the pith of the anxious crisis, and lead through its mystery to some Eternal Day. How transcendent the faith, and the might of the faith! Those eyes can *make* the world they desire, and ages shall live on the idolized illusion. Thus a Galilean Reformer, dimly seen through mists of fable and obscurest surrounding, grows, under the magic constructive touch of temporary Hebrew and Gentile demands for a Supernatural Person, into an Ideal Man, a Mediator, a God! He but illustrates a common law. Not the Jew only is on the watch for a Messiah. So is the freed Negro; and every Yankee is no less than He that should come. Not the pious Christian only has his Christ. The loyal American meant the same when he would fain have believed only the best possible of his new President, when he welcomed every fresh general as the coming Deliverer; and all this in spite of what crushing rebuffs! The disciple of Confucius saw the divine necessity thousands of years ago. "When the Holy Man is manifested, wherever the heavens overshadow or the earth sustains, among all who have blood or breath, there is not one who will not hasten to honor him." No fascination so great as that of being in at the birth of an *Idea* which has moved the world or ourselves — finding the man it chose first to enter and seeing how it dealt with him and he with his terrible guest. And all this personal veneration is a kind of free suffrage, — *Nature's guarantee of democratic equality*. It is so glad and sincere because it is properly the recognition of our own dearest experience or possibility,

the touch of a finer friendship, of a more intimate sympathy, that we feel in these select persons. This is the secret of the hero worship, that in the latest as in the earliest ages, compels History to become Biography. It is one of our *democratic* instincts to turn from all elaborate generalizations, to the flesh and blood heroes that wrestle with their work in the pages of Thierry, Carlyle, Michelet, Motley. How refreshing are those old Norse Chronicles where the sturdy Yarls and Vikings rise around you, as no Hume nor Gibbon could have brought them forth, naked and busy after their kind; they are your own untamed natural instincts, the hot Bersirker blood in their faces; making a strong Northland breeze spring up in your inner life to vitalize the enervated Europe *there*. The instantaneous photograph, the stereograph, is the demand we make of History. Men as they were, in live action, is what we will have. It is because we get closer to our own experiences that way; and the personal admirations come of our delight at seeing how much actual achievement can be got out of these. So we are glad to have Plutarch and Xenophon put up the short words and shorter deeds of the Greek heroes, and feed us with this pressed meat of virtue, simply because virtue is the same thing now that it was in their day. The biography of heroes testifies to the unity of the race and the equality of men; turning these into an inspiration for every one. It is his own nature one sees here, at its best.

The great questions of criticism have centred in Homer, of literature in Shakespeare. It was not because we found these persons exceptional, but because they met the universal experience. So those of theology have centred in Jesus, and for similar reasons; though the churches, which are built on exceptionalities, and have dealt for the most part with the superficial in morality and religion, will not let it be recognized. At last the compelled admission that the new and exceptional in Jesus was not any doctrine, *but a life*, allowed the free historical method of criticism to distil everything exceptional from his life also, until the supposed God-Man comes to appeal to us, and all the more healthfully, by the breadth of the Brotherhood which is ascribed to him, and by this alone. Away with your dictation of a supernatural Christ. A *Man* it was that drew the world's homage, after all. And now that the homage which constitutes a man the one centre of religious thought and association is no longer becoming, Jesus will retain such hold on its heart as belongs to his actual wisdom and love.

This exaltation of special persons, which seems to turn History into a shifting Oligarchy, or a permanent Monarchy, and perpetually to defraud the people as a whole, is essentially the sign of a Democratic

Instinct. It is a process to an end beyond itself. It is the crude effort, not to subserve powerful individuals, but to honor some Universal Principle, in which all are alike interested. And this its final purpose, is finely hinted in all those earlier temporary stages.

Thus human nature in its homage to individuals is found more loyal to *character* than to peculiar genius or class interests; and institutions prove responsible to a certain substantial love of Justice. The personal magnetism of a man of integrity is found to nullify all schemes for suppressing his individual influence. In Greece they had an institution for this express purpose. The ostracism was invented to restrain those who seemed too powerful. Yet where was ever seen finer recognition of personal merit than in those very States? When Æschylus' lines were recited in the Athenian theatre, beginning, "He would not seem, but *be* the best," the whole assembly turned their eyes on Aristides. So it was said of Pericles, that his government was 'the rule of one man by his integrity, which made his appellation of Olympius, that would otherwise have been absurd, nowise exceptionable.' 'Of all love,' says Plutarch, 'that is strongest which is of states borne unto a man for his virtue.' In honoring justice, one honors himself and every other person. This pious instinct of Democracy lies deep in us, and cannot with impunity be violated.

For Athens and Sparta to suppress this was to fall. It is a monstrous infraction of natural law to look up to subservience, and down upon integrity. Yet as foolish children will sometimes try how long they can stand on their heads, so States attempt the same thing. And the inevitable suicide of these States really guarantees the sanity of Human Nature.

*Apotheosis* is simply the first page of the record of this natural loyalty to equal justice. The oldest Veda tells us that men were first made Gods by their fellow-men in reward for helping the Dawn bring gifts to all mankind, and for creating cattle for the poor. Twenty-four hundred years ago Buddha was deified for abolishing class distinctions, and bringing in a law of universal equality and mercy. The Caste System itself was originally an effort at social organization, on the ground of mutual help, and the priest at its head was deified because by his penances he was expected to save all men. The deification of Jesus by his church was but a crude form of the inevitable tribute to universal love. He was believed to be God, *as dying for all*. We may go further back in this record. The simple instincts of rude tribes anticipate the highest civilization in their consternation at an act of villainy in a man of high position. Dr. Livingstone says it is common among the Makololos of Africa for a poor person to say

when oppressed by a more powerful one, "I am astonished to hear a man so great as he, make a false accusation." And in their primitive courts accordingly the only oath is, "By the honesty of our chief." These children do not understand how a man can be a ruler whose character is not fit to be sworn by. "Go to the wild Africans and be wise, thou Apostate from my creed," said Nature, but yesterday, to the latest Republic, when she engulfed its great names, and compelled it to thank God with trembling lips for the indispensable gift of at least an *honest* chief. "*By the virtue of our Chief!*" If anything were needed to enforce this creed of nature, has it not come in the scorching satire that oath would be on our lips to-day.

What but this is the latest lesson in the laws of human society? The safeguard of a State, its Palladium that must be kept inviolate, is no longer an image fallen from heaven, a stone to be kissed by pilgrims, a set of gold and silver vessels to be kept clean with religious care — but he of whose sanctity these are but symbols — *the just citizen*. Nature taught the same thing in substance three thousand years ago. "Awful," said the Laws of Manu, "is the just man. His prayers renew the world every moment. Whoever wounds him deals destruction to the people."

All personal idolatries have to yield at last to this respect for him who represents *universal duties*, in other words, *the equality of the race before the Moral Law*. When the Constitution struck at these universal principles, through his outraged conscience, at manliness, mercy, loyalty, inalienable rights, forthwith there began to be no Constitution. Did not ruffians grind it under their feet and rebels spue it out of their mouths? If the State could have stifled that conscience of his, there would have ceased before now to be any State. He alone is indispensable, and if all such as he should perish or withdraw, the democratic justice he lives by would have to be extemporized, or society would not hold together a day: just as honesty had to be extemporized at the California mines, or as the rogues whom Philip of Macedon gathered out of all his dominions into one city apart, at once proceeded to make just laws. What are healthy seasons to our farmers without that true citizen who makes *public health*; through whom the highway to the market is safe? What are markets without *him*, the real basis of credit on which they stand?

The stern experience of the Republic brings with it a sublime guarantee. It instructs us that all personal admirations in history have been but the gropings of this inevitable instinct for universal justice. It is enforcing a Political Economy more profound and vital than Adam Smith's or Stuart Mill's; that the man of *largest humanity* is

the *chief producer*; that by the laws of human nature the Soul of a State makes its Body. How much *moral* bankruptcy or solvency, so much *financial*. Chase's or McCulloch's paper issues stand by patriotism and probity only. How much justice between man and man, so much political union, and no more. How much justice, so many States in the Union, and no more. No State shall stand but as Free State. Those subtle moral statistics, not to be read by the barrel or yard, that fine handwriting in invisible ink between the lines of surplus and deficit, — '*Thou shalt hate rapacity and honor man,*' — are not *they* the tremendous realities of this hour? The mathematics of Retribution! He that hounded his fellow-man became as a hunted dog. The city of the man-stealer was a heap under the jubilant feet of his captive. Who can heal now but he that was bruised for the iniquities of all? A new lease of official tenure did not help the arrogant Slave Power, the taint in the blood of ages: no love nor fear nor cunning crime of man can save it from the fate that pursues it through every vein and fibre of the social fabric.

The Chief Magistrate stood before his people, in the very day of their triumph and his own, with head uncovered before Eternal Justice — a mouthpiece of man's inevitable loyalty to that. He was the Republic's finger on her awe-struck lips, at last: with no policy but a prayer, no creed but a confession, no claim but in the renunciation of all she had unjustly gained.

"Fervently do we pray that this scourge of war may pass. Yet if it must continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk — and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid for by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

Understand it, ye Nations! It is *Human Nature* that is exalted in this humiliation of the child of all Nations before Justice. It is man's inmost *necessities* that are laid bare here. Why was that Head of the Free People so bowed in the moment of its supreme assurance of victory? Democracy, Universal Justice is Religion, is the *Natural Religion of Mankind*. To this confession Nature will hold us, till our politics and our *conscience are one*.

The Democratic Instinct is the under current of the ages. It has burst to the surface at last, to overflow the world. We shall know it *as it is*. The base definitions, reeking of parricide and treason, rend us only to depart. Our Nationality is born in an experience that is to search the depths of being. We can rest Democracy on nothing less fundamental than *Natural Religion*.

Here, it seems to me, is the definition of it. The roots of every one go down into the same soil, and his branches put out into the same air from which the inspired ones were fed. Their genius, intellectual or religious, is in the last analysis, but *quicker growth*. It comes at nothing outside the common constitution, by which alone it makes itself intelligible to mankind. In Plato or in Jesus, it is representative of human nature; reports of the insights of human nature only. And the democratic instinct of all History is, that everything shall gravitate to become the inheritance of all men, simply *because the substance of it is latent possibility and inmost tendency in all*. Though there were no Bible and no Shakespeare to record the best, and no press to transmit it, yet could it be reproduced out of every mind, in time, and ever tends to be. Over every child that is born shines his Star in the East, and his birthright in the best shall come here or elsewhere. It is not any School, Church, Bible, Messiah, Saviour, that guarantees it, *but his own nature*. Truth gravitates to all men so mightily, that whatsoever of physical obstacle, or crude folly, ignorance or crime, stands in the way, goes down at last as a parchment wall would go down before one of those Fundy tides, when, urged by an oceanic impulse, it floods every separate mouth of river, inlet and shoal. This is manifest enough in the war of Emancipation. But *History itself* is one such divine democratic impulse, setting to prove every member of the race to be heir of all things by nature and descent. It is perpetual multiplication of the bread of life for the multitude, steadily compelling what is best for all to expand and diffuse itself till it suffices for all.

The earlier steps were slow and unapparent. But the tardiness vanishes when you take these later times into the calculation. In so deep a soil there must be large preliminary movement that does not tell on the surface. In so vast a work slow preparation is the condition of subsequent speed. When all this is brought to bear on the end pursued, as when the parts of a machine are all brought into contact and position, and only a lever is to be raised to set it at work — then time, the discouraging element before, vanishes. Were eighteen unsatisfying centuries idle, if the nineteenth outruns every dream? The fine foam-crest that breaks upon our beach, is not the child of a moment. Its father is the tide-wave that trails heavily round the earth. Of what an unspeakable history is a passion-flower, a rainbow, or a dawn, the last best syllable, all pointing to this through ages and elements! So all patient centuries that have looked profitless for the people, were storing the guarantees of this swift sure flowering in a few short years, of the democratic principle, *our* blood-red passion-

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flower, rocked in what winds, — that yet are His whose Spirit breathed from the beginning! Nature is the same, in flowers and in faiths. Ganges, and Nile, and Jordan, and Tiber, all religions and all races run under ground to feed these our springs that flow larger and freer in an hour than they in years.

The old Norsemen believed that every man's destiny was written in his brain at birth. In the Brain of the Race and in its Heart is written this necessity of all truth to become air for all lungs. Its grand economy utilizes the faults of races and the crimes of nations. Thus that very love of sway, which made the Romans grasp at the conquest of the world, was compelled, in self-defence, to absorb the conquered races, and extend them citizenship; and so a civil and political Unity was effected throughout the world, which secured the needed foothold for that instinct of universal brotherhood, which bore such noble fruit, in Stoicism and then in Christianity. So Rome joined East and West by her military roads, to preserve her conquests. Humanity uses them to supplant ancient barbarism by modern civilization. So resistless in transforming is the chemistry of the Democratic Instinct. I proceed to mention a few ways in which it has proved itself to be master of Human Nature and Destiny.

I. It has always grown most by *being resisted*. And it would seem as if the more democratic a truth, the more it was set to overcome, that it might prove how much deeper this instinct is than any or all others.

Every truism now in a boy's mouth, moral or mathematical, battled its way down through theological or political men at arms. There was a time when the work of a geometrician was suppressed in France because it declared that the shortest distance between two points was a straight line. "Do you think me such an idiot as not to see your drift," said the censor — "that you refer to those who gain admittance to court by crooked ways?" Some years ago, in Austria, two books were condemned as heretical — the one on Trigonometry, because the science seemed to intimate a reference to the Trinity, which was not suffered to be discussed; and the other on the Destruction of Insects, because this science or art seemed to allude covertly to the Jesuits! But for the courageous zeal called forth in defence of the physical sciences from the time when the Church tabooed the whole subject and burned Villanova's body for belonging to a student of Nature, — down to the preposterous efforts to silence geological results, or to warp them to the Mosaic mythology, what axioms of these sciences should we know to-day, except the most obvious, and these loaded down with superstitions?

The substance of every such truth lies in those *universal uses of it, that had to be battled for*. The value of that axiom of the shortest distance, *for us*, is stated in railroads and steamships. The old simple Trigonometry is transmuted into Coast Surveys. The innocent truisms threatened to bring in a practical science that should net with highways the spaces from mind to mind — and see that what is fitted to serve the whole should go to the whole. This is what the censors snuffed in a theorem, and hated, in a triangle. Nobody had to die in defence of the position that a seed would grow into a plant, or that cattle will breed after their kind. But *the meaning* of these axioms *to us* lies written out in Agricultural Fairs, where every element of civilization brings its tribute to the nobility of man's primary relation to the soil. And what conflicts against contempt for labor, against intellectual despotism, against the dead weight of ignorance and superstition upon practical invention and skill, do these festivals of the Husbandman represent! The whole common sense of the century with its postulates in every science and its recognized rules of investigation, is the trophy of an over-mastering gravitation of truth to the common mind. It is made up of the life blood of heroes and martyrs. Born with our birth in us, how simple it seems! How could any age have done without it? Yet like the drop of water which holds electricity enough to make a thunder storm, or like the mass of delicate snow-flakes which a child could carry, — for whose condensation from vapor "an amount of energy was required sufficient to gather the shattered blocks of the largest stone avalanche, and pitch them to twice the height from which they fell," — every one of these axioms of our common sense represents a mighty concentration — a transmutation of resistance into help which cannot be estimated. The principles of political self-government into which a New England boy is born, are strong with the triumphant sorrows of Giordano Bruno, and Roger Bacon, and Wiclif, and Huss, and Selden, and Sidney, and a host of heroes. Do not the strokes of those great iconoclasts resound in the blows of the pioneer's axe in our Western wilderness? Do we not find ourselves taking up at every new crisis, like the refrain of some old inspiring battle hymn, Milton's exhortation to the Parliament of his day? "Fear not the bugbear danger, that the timid politician thinks he sees. We ought to hie us from evil like a torrent, and rid ourselves from corrupt discipline, even as one would shake fire from his bosom!" This is but American *common sense* now. But with what a baptism have we been baptized into its present currency! What resistance has it not overcome in the people and their representatives! What resistance still upon this

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question of questions, whether or not Reconstruction shall retain the old poisonous leaven of social and political injustice ! But the Democratic Instinct greathens by resistance. And its last achievement is to be greatest of all ; taking the inveterate lie of three thousand years, to scourge the nations into eternal truth.

II. But not Hostility only ; — *Help* also bears witness to its sway. Greatness is but reaction to simplest ways. Confucius, Zoroaster, Moses were democratic, and appealed to the people. So was Socrates, in thought, if not in politics. Plato's aristocratic tendency was superficial : his thought grew from the Socratic root of Individual Inspiration, strictly the democratic Idea. That Jesus taught the doctrine revealed to babes, is thought to distinguish him from all other teachers, and Christianity from all other Religions. So far from this being true, *religious genius is that very thing, so to teach*. Or do we think that millions of men have found content, for generation after generation, in Religions which yet were intended only to meet the wants of the few ?

The three grandest voices that spoke out of the Ancient, the Middle, and the Modern Ages respectively, were Homer, Dante, Shakspeare. Homer's poems were the songs of wandering bards in Greek towns and camps, the most thoroughly popular poetry ever uttered. Dante wrote his *Divina Commedia* not in Latin, like other writers of his time, but in Italian, because, as he said, "the time had come when the culture of the liberal arts must begin with the people." It was the first great poem written expressly for them since Homer, and *by the very next great poet*. It summed up the Faith of the Middle Ages, and consecrated its best to future liberties, just as Homer concentrated the Faith of the Ancient World. It is of course a truism to say the same of Shakspeare and modern society. In the sweep of that mental orbit, who finds not the segment that intersects and floods his own ?

This Democratic Appeal is the necessary law of all genuine power. But it must not be taken in any narrow sense, else it will not be recognized. All return to truth, frankness, simplicity, all grasp of universal moral or spiritual laws, all clear intuitive knowledge of man is essentially democratic, let it seem ever so remote and incomprehensible for a time. It may seem so, simply because it is truer to the public than the public are to themselves. The Seer is he who gets access by some deeper self-acquaintance or by more open eyes, to the universal mind and heart ; but his commission to deliver *others* out of personal limitations into this open air is *carried out* only as fast as men are capable of recognizing their own genuine nature when presented in a true mirror. "When you cannot understand their igno-

rance," said Coleridge, of certain persons, "you may count yourself ignorant of their understanding." An Englishman reports of himself that after listening for the first time to Emerson, he said to his neighbor, "I wonder if we should not understand him better if we stood on our heads." He was undoubtedly right, in one sense; he needed intellectual inversion, though he did not know it. The third lecture righted him, and he went home in an ecstasy of self-acquaintance. He "*understood every word!*" He had been listening to sentences that will be indispensable household proverbs, that will be edited some day as the universal experience. Plato's thought and Fenelon's fervor meet at last the popular response. Mystic Tauler and cabalistic Jacob Bœhme have their closet in every inmost soul, though it may take ages to reach the shrine. A great Preacher is he who makes this plain. Our Theodore Parker seemed born to teach that Truth was the people's Free College, where every man should find himself *everywhere at home*, and learn to melt her firest and rarest ores into popular uses and everyday currencies. The men who walked by themselves in their day seemed to prove that "to be great is to be misunderstood." Yet it is just these who are destined to demonstrate that to be great is to be *understood*.

Saints, Prophets, Discoverers are all children of this Democracy of the Soul, dedicated to universal service by *fate*, if not by will; since they do but unveil to man the common manhood. No Columbus gives his New World to Castile and Leon. What are they and he, but flying scouts of a great march of Nations entering on their common heritage of a continent?

III. And nothing that set towards universal diffusion was ever lost. What was *Printing* but the guarantee that Nature would not suffer one impulse of this ancient gravitation to die out? But before Printing there were guarantees that lay deeper. To these an obscure Galilean trusted; who dropt his thoughts by the wayside, let them go on the winds. That was enough; for the *Nature* that bore them then would bear them again, and could not help speaking its own tongue. The great man was greatest in not caring to make scribes his biographers, letting that word go unwritten which it was so easy to silence on a cross, knowing that it would return into the world with every child. Nevertheless *its substance* did get written down and transmitted. It had been spoken and written before him. He but gave fresh proof that man would not let it die. They say Omar did not burn the Alexandrian Library after all. Yet there have been holocausts of literature; and somehow a million volumes have perished that once lay piled in that wonderful old metropolis of Thought.

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Alexander, or somebody else, burned the sacred books of the Persians: Chihwangti, the old Chinese Annals. The Spanish fillibustering arch-bishops burnt a mountain of Mexican manuscripts, all they could find, for works of the Devil. Yet there survives still the saying of the old Mexican king, better worth saving than all Mexico besides, as proving that the Soul speaks always and everywhere the same tongue, and that truth is not the prerogative of Christian or Jew — "Let us aspire to that Heaven where all is eternal, and where corruption never comes." So an old Egyptian prayer has been preserved, of like value; "May thy soul come to the Creator of the World." What should we find lacking, if of Persian piety nothing had been saved but this of Zoroaster, "God made Man radiant, with eyes looking upward;" — or nothing of Confucius but his Golden Rule; or nothing of the oldest Vedas but their germs of monotheism and social equality? Was the fate of saving truth staked on the safety of words that fell from Jesus and Paul? But Seneca brought the same message of Fatherhood and Brotherhood, the self same hour, from the heathen side. What is Literature? Let the manuscripts perish. Let the papyrus go to the ovens. The Eternal Word that proclaims the root of all Religions in a common Nature, the word that *the tribes of men most need*, was written also on bricks and tiles. It hid in catacombs. It is dug out from under earth mounds after untold centuries of burial. The oldest relics of man, in the post-tertiary caves, disclose that *the belief in Immortality was coeval with the Soul*. The best for democratic uses is preserved. Perhaps indeed Nature, as some ingenious astronomers affirm, lets *nothing* die, writing out every event in the passage of Light, bearing its image on forever, making Space the daguerreotype of History, — though there can be no eye to see it. Perhaps, as our psychometricians have come to asserting, — subtle emanations and impressions fix every transient fact indelibly in every neighboring stone, and Nature has her literature as well as Man. And yet I do not see that we should gain much from this terrible persistence of the mere details. But what is certainly preserved is the *relation of all thoughts and actions to Universal Man*, through that chain of influence, *cause and effect*, which finally brings the substance and sifted products of all truth to the general mind. It is certain that not one link in this has been or could be spared. To these final universal uses every gesture and every syllable has brought its tribute. And so they are right who insist that they owe their Christianity to Jesus, if they would only see that in like manner they owe their Jesus to every one who preceded him, and their Christianity not to him only, but to every hair-breadth

fraction of the Past. Traditionalism does not go far enough to be consistent.

But then after all, this is superficial, and leaves out the truth of truths. Traditionalism really *accounts for nothing*. It is not through historical transmission that the truth which even the best have seen comes to *us* also. We reproduce whatever they thought, mainly because the ages come back in every new soul. The old truths repeat themselves, recurring upon new levels; for the same life it is, widening as it mounts. Therefore it is that all which *ever was is here now* — and more; that we play with all the fires, and toss from hand to hand all the bolts of ancient Deity, even if we do not know it; that Plato, Pythagoras, Antoninus, the Gnostics and the Schoolmen, the Brahmans and the Sufis, are perpetually reborn. It is not by mere transmission that they reappear in modern thought to meet the demand for *practical solutions*, are popularized in the Westminster and the Radical, penetrate all pulpits and lecture rooms, cyclopædias and newspapers, stir up tempests in village churches and disintegrate sects. The people, we imagine, are deceived; they take certain troublesome truths of our time, that were familiar ages ago, to be heresies, never bred in men's brains before; they do not see the old pre-existence hiding under the new mask. But after all, they are not so far wrong in essence. For the truths are just as original now as they ever were. Where Man is, there is also the Present Maker of all truth that ever came by nature before; and His forces do not run along the surface of the earth only, but come up from the centre and down straight from the sky. This Nature of ours is itself Inspiration, and where *it* is there are spiritual deeps, and divine accesses, where all Gospels lie in germ. Our God is a Living God. And the eyes that see Him, see by His present Light. Tradition never explained one spiritual insight, one sacrifice, one prayer. *Religion is neither the Bible nor the Mathematics; but the everduring intimacy, the inmost and transcendent oneness of the Soul with God.* This is what I call the meaning of Democracy.

IV. Physical Nature has also gladly lent itself to the Democratic Instinct, as to its destined Master. Nature will not yield the finest results to human art until Art is released from ministration to the few. It would seem as if the more cheap and common a physical good became, the ruder and less perfect it would be found. The precise opposite is true. The old wine and cheese presses that formed the first printing machines turned out work that only the richest could buy. But the *modern Press*, the fruit of so many co-ordinated sciences, piles on every man's table the day's record of the World for

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a penny. The barbarous black-letter tome sold for prices that would fill shelves of a scholar's library to-day, with the best products of our arts of printing, binding and engraving. Compare the steam engine with the lumbering vehicles of a hundred years ago, which no poor person could afford to ride in. Even the horse car grows better the more it carries. What decent dwelling of a laboring man is not a finer monument of art than those monstrous Pyramids built by enslaved nations as burial places of kings? The life of the Fine Arts in past ages has been flickering and spasmodic. It is because their maturity and permanence depends upon the free play of the whole body of Humanity — on Democratic Institutions. That triumph awaits them, when the preliminary work is done. With what achievements Nature has rewarded the scientific industry of the people! A noble zeal for Universal Justice is dearer still to her laws and forces: and it shall thrill her marbles and colors with creations never matched on Italian canvas or in Pentelic stone. This republican experience, making manly men and womanly women, inspiring sacrifices and tasks from which all other times would have shrunk appalled, holds the inspiration of the highest possible Art. What materials exist already in the Exodus of the Slave and the War of Regeneration! Surely there awaits this Continent and this Republic the high marriage feast of Art with Life. For here the assembled races shall learn freely to create, each after its special way, and every joint and muscle of Man's wondrous hand bring some tribute to perfect its cunning!

Such are a few select evidences that the historical destinies work with a purpose. This pure Democracy that will have its way even through bloody seas, has not come incidentally or lightly. To every person is *gravitating the whole magnificent heritage of ages*. And the Gospel of Events is — You cannot overestimate the Individual, and you shall not disparage nor despise him: for all things are his, and come to him, because that Nature is his, *from which all things have come*. At last it is justified and divinized in its most unpromising form, in the image more marred than any. The Negro Slave judges the Saxon Freeman; is proved competent to all liberties and all functions as they come. He shall not wait our convenience nor consult our prejudices; but be citizen, be voter, be whatsoever manhood means. It is in him that Democracy concludes her great argument — *I take this Least of Men by your showing, and prove by him that wherever Man is, there are all things possible that have honored Manhood; I show you in him valor and loyalty, a piety, a fortitude, a patience and trust, a glow of faith in the present and the future, that put your petrified re-*

*ligion to shame, and your traditional creeds to school.* I show you Inspiration again ; the Living God felt once more closer than life, in the touch of Liberty, and this by the children of the Night, *the little one among the Races.* Our faith in institutions, our dependence on majorities, public opinion, established traditions, are abased before strong souls, in whom even slavery and utter friendlessness have not suppressed such innate loyalties and capacities. Man is *not* the creature of institutions. *The private soul is greatest.* It is for the citizen to accept this lesson of lessons, though it comes from a despised quarter. And the more because his own past experience has enforced it. He has been paying the penalty for slighting his individual insights and dignities, and for his moral and religious servitudes. Let no new generation of youths learn to serve the old gods of creed, tradition, moneyed interests, political organizations, or ecclesiastical institutions. If these idols are not already broken under the judgment wheels that have gone over us, it is plain that they are yet to be, when those wheels return to perfect their work. Let the young man refuse henceforth to merge his personality in any mass of men or things. To let his live ductilities and intensities be flattened out under the old triphammers of the political, mercantile or theological rolling mills, cut into strips of the market size, branded with the current names, and flung dead-cold into the warehouses for sale, is ten-fold the shame and ruin it ever was before. The soul of the citizen is baptized in sacred blood. It is solemnized by holiest duties and trusts. And the children of the people must be prophets, or we perish, suffocated in the high pure air of liberty we have dared to enter in our pride.

Travellers in Africa tell us of the amazing size and vitality of the Mokwana Tree, lasting sometimes for thousands of years. No fire outside, no decay at the centre can destroy it. The bark is "stripped off again and again, only to be renewed. It may be boldly backed against a dozen floods. Cut it down, it will grow as it lies prone and bleeding. Every rootlet fifty yards from the trunk maintains its vigor. It would seem that the only way to exterminate it, is to destroy every layer by itself. For each has separate vitality, and is itself a genuine tree."

It is the symbol of Democracy ; of what the ages have been preparing ; of what we are commissioned, as rapidly as may be, to inaugurate, if *we are to live at all.* Every individual a vital rootlet—a self-sustaining layer of the Republican Tree.

The best cements are made by finest pulverization. The most fertile soils result from such comminution that every atom is freed to

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enter into the processes of organic life. Only such free atoms can cement the Republic, only such individualities fertilize its soil. Its Politics deal in numbers. But every politician must be a free moral unit. Its Worship is social; but alas for the Church, whose members know not that Religion is neither traditional, nor ecclesiastical, nor denominational—that it is more than Judaism or Christianity, even *inspiration and intuition*. What independence, self-reliance, self-respect, become the citizen, to whom all knowledge, power, stewardship are gravitating! “Every young man,” says Jean Paul, “has a fine epoch in his life, when he will accept no office; when he says, I will rise on the sea of this world, like a living man, by swimming, not like a drowned one, by corruption.” “When God,” said Algeron Sidney, “has cast me in such a condition that I cannot save my life but by doing an unmanly thing in face of my country, He shows me the time has come when I should resign it. I live by just means, or not at all.” Of such quality is the “*experience of religion*” that the Republic wants. The old justifications and sanctifications may go, if we have this. To come into *this*, out of lackeying and paltering, and scheming for self alone, is the “*conversion*” and “*new birth*” this age and land wants to hear of. It repudiates the old mythology of a corrupt *human nature* to be got rid of, and insists that Human Nature shall be justified in its children. The *baptism* it wants is the vow to be what the dignity of a conscience and the equities of a republic demand. And its “*perseverance of saints*” is to hold to the spirit of that vow in public duties and private temptations. And the *saving faith* of the citizen is nothing else than to believe that all things are practicable that are becoming. *Pure atheism will be to doubt the moral brotherhood of man.*

Moral Enthusiasm is the natural first fruit of democratic institutions. What shall not *he* believe possible, who inherits all the promises of time? Of what should *he* despair, whose daily conversation is with men whose love and reason are free to hear and follow the best? Where an immediate appeal to the popular instincts is easy, what a sublime audacity Truth acquires! Thus the advocate Berryer in his defence of Montalembert before the Star-Chamber Court of Louis Napoleon, dared reaffirm in plain terms the very declarations for which his client had been brought to trial on a charge of high treason. The act will be remembered as the last sign that France yet believed herself free. How much better that unflinching criticism and prophetic insistence of Wendell Phillips during the war became a Republic than the moral timidity of a President and Congress that waited for popular impulse, forgetting that they were under the

necessity of controlling public opinion, and did not abdicate that function by refusing to lead on !

But if moral enthusiasm is the *natural* virtue of free citizens, what degree thereof should be unreasonable *for us* ! For us, to whom fanaticism has been the bread of life and the path of salvation ! For us, whose great triumphs run back to Washington at Valley Forge, to the solitary Printer in the upper room in Boston, to the Martyr at Harper's Ferry ! For us who have been swept on our upward way against all probabilities, past all prophecies, by these days of God that are each as a thousand years ! Surely nothing so becomes us as a *divine passion for the right*, an inability to feel doubt or dismay, a scorn of timid calculations, a lofty optimism that sees whatever is noble not as possibility, but as destiny, — yet burns up the chaff of present resistance with unquenchable fire. We have been borne on God's wings, not by human feet. We ought to fly over pitfalls without touching them. We ought to pierce barriers without seeing them.

Has it taken so long to venture on impeaching a President ? I am not sure but we ought to be bold enough to abolish the Presidency itself. Hesitate to give the negro the ballot ? We ought to have courage to render it him on bended knees, and with dust on our foreheads ! *Argue* whether it will *do* to let woman have equal political rights with man ? Drop the word "*male*" out of your statute books rather, as silently as you can, and with a blush of manly shame !

To doubt the moral resources of the people, the adequacy of immediate supply to all demand, is to reject the whole meaning of these times. The human continent we are quarrying yields far richer returns than the mineral regions that so dazzle us. How much heroism we have had for the asking ! It may be a question whether we should believe all men in a condition to be immediately trusted with the highest responsibility of the citizen. Universal franchise, on the instant, is perhaps little better than universal office-holding. But it is at least the necessity of the Republic to *fit* all its members for such duty. And I would ask those who begin with doubting the present capacity even of black loyalists who comprehend the crisis as well as themselves, and who are eagerly greeting the teacher, — what hopes they can possibly entertain concerning the wretched mass of *poor whites* and *demoralized rebels*, whom peace is restoring to this Union. Is then the Republic committed beforehand to despair of the material it *must* work on ? If there is anything that becomes us, and that our *experience* should inspire, it is to greet every chance for every race as a Godspeed for all.

The Englishman has a sense of actual barriers and slow secular growths which makes enthusiasm in progress look to him ridiculous and childish. The Frenchman is enthusiastic, but his ideals end in passion and explode in the air. But to the ardor of the American are added abundant tenacity also, and free practical sweep. And all things are possible to him. The Republic has a virtue that makes all it does ideal: turns every political aim into a moral: a struggle for Nationality into a crusade of Universal Brotherhood: a Civil War into a school of Mercy and Magnanimity. Never before could Woman do more than mitigate tyranny. Now she institutes freedom. A Civil War for the Republic has been the Angel that rolled the stone from her sepulchre. Out of the battle-field has arisen a New Church; if the old is effete, the new blood of sainthood and messiahship is at least *there*, — pity, sacrifice, the healing of the wounded, the opening of the blind eyes. The Sanitary Commission, the Freedmen's Aid Society, the Educational Commission, whatsoever we had to inaugurate was gigantic. Mind cannot compass, nor faith foresee what we have undertaken to do. Yet the whole community quietly resolved itself into committee of Ways and Means, as if we had only to put our hands to the work, the treasures of the Universe being ours.

This ideality and vastness of reach marks the whole thought and life of the Nation, as it does more or less that of the whole time. What theories of progress, what breadth of claim for every race, for every person! Yet as the lightning to its mark, so every dream to deed and institution. It is the most practical of races which is also the most ideal. Democracy is nothing less than the struggle to make of every individual, *Church, State and School in one*. It is no vain vision that so intoxicates our faith. And the stress of these vast duties and demands will discipline us till it cures the faults that are rightly enough alleged against us as a people; the egotism, the aggressiveness, the fierce pursuit of material gains. Carlyle may sneer at the fine experiment: as if it only meant that brass and pinchbeck were trying to be justified of their children like wisdom: — as if the war for the liberties of Man were nothing but "a foul chimney burning itself out." But let us not forget it — the great eyes that have kindled so many souls were not always so bleared, scowling at the blessed light. Hear *him* even; and Heaven purge and soften the great eyes again! "Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent — fighting our battles wert thou so marred. Alas! that there should one man die ignorant, who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy — were it to happen more than twenty times a minute,

as by some computations it does ! If the poor toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he may have Light, Freedom, Guidance, Immortality ? ”

So toils the Spirit of Democracy, emancipating itself from subservience to Things and subservience to Persons, into the service of Principles, which is the *service of Man*. In their name it abolishes the monarchical element alike in politics and religion. Even for the Presidency it will scarcely fail to substitute some form of Executive that shall offer a less tempting bait to private ambition, and concentrate fewer powers that should be diffused among the people. And by a deeper necessity it must supplant the religious fiction of one ‘Lord and Master’ of the Human Soul by the worship of that Spirit, whose Truth, Beauty, and Love, are an inspiration no man can exhaust or foreclose. Just as little does it comport with Democracy that men should rest in subservience to Things ; that we should be the slaves of tool and time-piece ; or think quantity better than quality, and the close packing of material results the highest achievement. Our last struggle was with the selfishness of Slavery ; the next is with the selfishness of Trade, and the logic of events will prove as convincing in the one case as it was in the other. An industrial People has inherited all art and science, that it may lay them all on the shrine of a Universal Gospel — the Dignity of Man. The tasks before us will never suffer our ambitions to degenerate into content with those effects in which the lower creatures forever surpass us. For what machinery can condense and multiply power like an insect’s eye ? Point its lenses at a man, they show a host of pigmies. A gnat’s wing flaps at least fifty times in a second. Animalcules reproduce at the rate of twenty millions a day. But the dignity of the Citizen is to concentrate *Moral Power*. The *space between two tickings of the clock* is large enough to hold the acceptance of these consecrations of head and heart and hand the life of the Republic demands, and henceforward will not cease to demand. Not more was needed for the resolves of that hero-astronomer, who threw by his calculations of orbits and eclipses, at the thought of the sublimer orbit and darker eclipse of his country, and hastened to the field crying, ‘I care not what it is, but for God’s sake give me something here to do !’ — and who crowned his military laurels when he undertook the charge of the poor freedmen at Port Royal, saying ‘Good colored friends, God help you to help yourselves and help us to help you. It shall be mine to deal justly, to love mercy, to walk humbly.’ There may go into one moment, as a microscope shows us there are star-spaces between pores, a heroism that would fill centuries as well,

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## Song of the Captives in Babylon. 613

whose sense all sayings and doings cannot exhaust. All the issues of History are packed in this democratic work of ours. Moments are condensed centuries, past and future. And every one of us must be its heir and steward. *Its* moments are his. Up, heart, conscience, will, — up, love of man, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things! O happy youth, to whom this morning calls! Into each golden moment may go such reality of living, that should you die the next, you would have known Immortal Life.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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### THE SONG OF THE CAPTIVES IN BABYLON.

PSALM CXXXVII.

WE sat us down in Babylon  
Down by the river —  
We wept, ay wept, in solemn moan —  
Came no hope-giver  
To captives in the land unknown  
Where none deliver.

We hanged our harps the trees among,  
The willows bending  
And trailing, swaying far along,  
With waters blending —  
Our harps now ruled by bitter wrong,  
By grief unending.

For they that doomed us far to come,  
That captive made us,  
Demanded now a song of home —  
They who betrayed us  
Bade, 'Play your Zion's songs, and some  
May cheer and aid us.'

How shall we sing the song to them,  
The song of praising,  
We — who have left Jerusalem,  
Our hearts up-raising  
Lament for that fair diadem  
Lost beyond gazing?

If I forget thee, city bright,  
 May my hand never  
 Again the harp-strings move aright;  
 My tongue forever  
 Lose word and song, if my delight  
 E'er from thee sever !

Remember, Lord, our bitter foe,  
 Edom bring under !  
 Edom—who laid our city low  
 With walls in sunder,  
 Who brought us down to grief, and woe,  
 To scorn, and wonder.

Remember Babylon, O Lord !  
 Her doom is lowering—  
 The sorrow dealt shall be restored,  
 Sorrow o'erpowering !  
 Her falling walls be her reward—  
 Her children cowering !

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#### OUR FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES.

THE laws of trade are as immutable as the laws which govern the planetary system, or as those moral laws which govern mankind. They are indeed a part of both, called into existence by the union of mind and matter, the practical application of thought to things. It is useless to trifle with them ; for they cannot be subverted. Most careful calculation, acutest skill, most consummate industry, cannot prevent the inevitable conclusions which fate has ordained to follow in the train of certain premises. As good comes from good, and evil from evil, throughout the universe ; so in studying political economy, we observe that the use of legitimate forces always results in prosperity, but that the application of unlawful means is sure to be succeeded by unlooked for and disastrous ends.

Underlying all departments of trade, all elaboration of business enterprise, is found the one grand principle of Credit—that man must trust his fellow man. It is the very spirit and essence of all social, of all political organization. The whole mercantile fabric of the civilized world rests on the credit system as a foundation, and without it would be as insecure as a house built upon the sands. No human being can earn his daily bread even, till he finds some one who is wil-

ling to confide in him. No system of banking has ever been devised sufficiently intricate to prevent occasionally the defalcation of cashiers; and yet every bank continues to keep its cashier, and to risk on his integrity large sums of money. We send our representatives to Washington clothed with the power of making laws which shall decide the prosperity or bankruptcy of a nation, although it has been often heretofore proved that politicians are not less corruptible than other classes of people. The principle has, of course, its practical limitations. Successful merchants say, "trust no one entirely, all men somewhat, each according to his deserts." The constant aim and endeavor of financial genius is to find out what these limitations actually are, to what extension the system may be safely carried. For two years preceding the autumn of 1856, the extension went too far, and the great crash and panic which followed, brought men suddenly to a realization of the fact.\*

But credit, as depending upon human nature, is a *moral principle*. Mathematics have nothing to do with it. Moreover, as a moral principle, it ebbs and flows with the tide of public sentiment. It is sensitive to every disturbing element in the political atmosphere. One case of fraud in Boston is often felt throughout many cities; and a breach of faith in New York may carry its disastrous influence as far as the shores of China and Japan.

So General Butler, by writing a few letters and making two or three inflammatory speeches, depreciated the value of our national securities to the total amount of forty millions of dollars. But President Johnson has far exceeded General Butler, and by his unprincipled course of action during the last three years has all but overturned the finances of America. That our commerce is to-day a cipher, shop-keeping in our cities a ruinous business, and domestic manufactures under an extreme system of protection, barely capable of self-support, is principally owing to the immorality of Andrew Johnson.† Even trade, mercenary trade, is dependent upon truth.

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\* It would be well to calculate what immense annual loss the whole community suffers, simply because the credit system has not yet reached the limits of that ideal perfection, which in coming centuries we hope it is destined to. At least it is safe to say that, had the time, labor, and capital, absorbed during the last hundred years to prevent mercantile frauds in Great Britain alone, been coined into money and placed at compound interest, the amount would by this time afford a liberal competence for every inhabitant of the globe.

† It appears that this man is determined by every possible means, direct and indirect, to ruin his country's credit. The investigating committees of Congress discover that in the last three years he has pardoned exactly one hundred counterfeiters,

The war was not the cause of the mischief. At the close of the slaveholder's rebellion the South was indeed desolate, but the North was then in most prosperous circumstances compared with its condition to-day. The war was originally to blame for creating an enormous public debt and unnatural expansion of our currency, for imposing heavy and oppressive taxes, but never for destroying public confidence in the future integrity of the nation. There lay the South, prostrate at the feet of our armies, waiting for northern capital and northern brains to resuscitate and re-establish it. In the same condition it has waited for three years, and still is not able to borrow a dollar in Wall Street;—and why not? Because it soon became apparent that the national Executive did not intend justice to the negro, was using its influence in favor of lawlessness and anarchy. Accurate reports certified the fact that men professing Union sentiments were shot in cold blood in the streets of Southern cities, and that Southern laborers were driven from their work before the muzzles of revolvers. Northern brains and capital did not dare to trust themselves where both were in danger of being lost.

Thus the business enterprise of nearly half the country has been for three years paralyzed through the intrigues and shameless corruption of one unscrupulous individual. More than that—prosperity at the South would have absorbed our surplus currency, brought down the price of gold, paved the way for a resumption of specie payments, and lightened the burden of taxation by reducing the interest on the public debt. But the evil did not end with so much. It spread like fire on the prairies. It disheartened the true, encouraged the villainous, and demoralized the wavering; until now, uncertainty of future prospects, and distrust in the stability even of a republican form of government, is undermining credit, producing stagnation and distress. The people have throughout been well-intentioned, in earnest to have matters and things set right, and with buoyant spirits have endured much, constantly expecting their fidelity was to be rewarded: but having watched the proceedings of Congress already for three winters, seeing how little has been done, how much remains to be accomplished, hope now begins to fail them, and in desperation they are ready to support any measure which they fancy will bring them relief.

Next in order after Andrew Johnson, the crushing burden under which we labor, is the depreciated and uncertain condition of our currency. For the fact, that gold is the invariable standard and all other measures of value merely relative, is a truth which has been so frequently reported, that I am surprised to find more intelligent people are not aware of it. When the bulletins say that gold is at a pre-

mium of one hundred and forty, they really mean that the paper dollar is only worth seventy-two cents. And the thought immediately suggests itself, "Here are things calling themselves dollars, each of which is actually only the fraction of a dollar; here is an error, and it ought to be corrected; here is an enormous lie presented daily on several million bits of paper, and it ought to be eradicated." Then the interrogation follows, "How in this case can the nominal and real be made to coincide; by what course of action shall we be able to increase the value of greenbacks equal to their face?"

There are two methods, and two only, which a free nation may possibly pursue after having once depreciated the standard of its currency. The issue of irredeemable paper may be continued until the gigantic bubble bursts of its own inflation; or by a reverse process the amount in circulation may be reduced until scarcity creates additional value. No middle course is possible, for that means continued uncertainty, and the business world of its own free will never long permits uncertainty to continue. Already we are approaching the crisis in this respect; the interests of trade demand a settled policy and either expansion or contraction will soon be determined on. Now the first of these methods has been tried again and again in the last three hundred years, and the result of its experiment is a matter of history. Activity in trade is followed by feverish excitement as the expansion increases, and finally wild stock gambling and frantic speculation in all classes of commodities, is swallowed up in the vortex of national bankruptcy, and utter repudiation of both private and public indebtedness. But the second method is simply a reclimbing of the mountain from which we have already part way descended,—as severe and laborious a process as the first steps of inflation were easy and pleasant, but the only sure and safe one. At the present moment resting, as we do, between the two, half-way upon the mountain's side, beneath us the tropical luxury of inflation, above us the return to specie payments over a rough and icy path, it is clear to see in which direction the inclination of the people will be likely to attract them. However, the people must remember, that successive inflations are but so many successive downward steps over ground which must be finally retraced; and that by insisting on inflation they really insist on aggravating that disease which it is their wish to cure.\*

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\* What could be more irrelevant to the main issues of this question than the excited discussion now going on in regard to liquidation of the U. S. 5-20 loan? Why, —there are fifteen years still left for the consideration of that subject! And if, before fifteen years have passed a return to specie payments has not been effected, then indeed have the American people become degenerate. With the national

Justice alone will endure. It is the law for nations, as well as for individuals. Every additional paper dollar authorized to be issued by Congress is a theft from the pockets of honest men for the benefit of gamblers, — a fraud upon the whole community. Military necessity made virtuous during the war a course which only military necessity could excuse. Inflation was then our sole resource, — a wholesale mortgaging of the nation's industry for no one knows how long; and now we are suffering the disagreeable penalties which inevitably follow such transgression of natural law. In a certain sense the nation has become a counterfeiter, must be tried and sentenced on that charge, and serve a term of imprisonment at hard labor, until by severe discipline and self-denial its former integrity of character is regained. A severe discipline indeed, — but patient industry has often before worked wonderful results. Four years ago, calculating on a basis of the rapid natural increase of wealth and population in America, it would not have been hazardous to prophecy that under a wise and virtuous administration the country might regain its wonted prosperity before another presidential election. That it has not done so, that the country is to-day worse off than when General Lee surrendered to our armies, is unquestionably owing to Andrew Johnson, and the official time-servers at Washington. The welfare of a part is the welfare of the whole; corruption in one quarter breeds corruption universal; and anarchy at the South, is accompanied by stagnation at the North. Hundreds of thousands of lives was the price we paid for the sin of slavery, and hundreds of millions of dollars is the usury exacted for Johnson's mal-administration. One year under a noble, high-minded executive, would undoubtedly restore public confidence, and thereby invigorate trade, more than all the amendments to tariff and tax bills which Congress might enact in a century.

Therefore must we be courageous, and endure until that good time comes. Let Anglo-Saxons for centuries so prosperous, now learn to accept with cheerfulness a short period of adversity. The soldiers of the republic faced death unflinchingly for four years on the battlefield, and are they now to turn cowards for fear of heavy taxes at home? When at last we have established justice throughout every

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credit ranking first class at home and abroad, and our finances on a gold basis, government could readily negotiate a new five per cent. loan, and on such terms as to pay off the 5-20's as fast as they shall become due, without loss. But if the whole mass of twelve hundred millions be now compulsorily refunded at five per cent., the result must be an annual loss of twelve millions of dollars to the bondholding community. Wholesale robbery! And yet this is the same plan lately reported as expedient by a majority of the Senate's Finance Committee.

State in the Union, and erected a truly republican government on the ruins of that which the slaveholders destroyed, then all other blessings will follow in their proper course. Meanwhile, it is the duty of every citizen to guard the national honor, that it may remain unsullied, remembering, upon that depends the national credit, and the credit and honor of each individual voter as well.\* Repudiation may be cheap now, but it will be very costly bye and bye, as the "whirligig of time brings round its revenges." All contracts ought to be faithfully observed, in *spirit* even more than according to the *letter* of the law. And especially we should never for a moment lose sight of the fact, that this question is a moral question, depends upon moral issues, and that only by a just appreciation of its moral merits will the difficult financial problem, now before the country, ever be safely and fortunately solved.

Long-headed politicians, Butlers, Pendletons, and Shermans, argue very plausibly that the national debt may be paid off, trade resuscitated, and the whole community become suddenly prosperous, by a simple application of addition and subtraction. Never did marksmen shoot wider of their target. Arithmetic has its virtues, but they are not those which can regulate the welfare of mankind; gold dollars and paper dollars possess their respective values, but such are merely as a drop of water in mid-ocean compared with the worth of those organic principles of human nature, from which the use of money follows as one out of a thousand results. Annihilate credit, gentlemen, and all the paper-mills in two hemispheres in half a year could not turn out currency enough to supply its place. In this direction lies our peril. Statistics and account books are so perplexing, extant theories on this subject so numerous and vague, ignorance in regard to it is so prevalent, that the people's representatives always preferring to believe in mathematical accuracy rather than the mandates of conscience and the higher law, are in danger of missing the plain and simple truth, while they tax their ingenuity to devise some mysterious formula which shall prove specific for all financial ills. Moreover, the excitable multitude, who accept dollars and cents as an unlimited

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\* The entire mass of government bonds are nothing else but a vast piece of credit. Who is responsible for them, what actual property do they represent? Your promise to pay, fellow citizens, and mine, alone are responsible!

I quote from the State Treasurer's Report: "To-day Massachusetts five per cent.'s are quoted in London at 89 per cent., while the U. S. 10-40 bonds stand at 72 per cent."

Both classes of securities bear the same rate of interest. The reason for this wide difference is that Massachusetts always pays as agreed.

fact, and not as the variable measure of their days' labor, will prove, I fear, much too easily influenced by the arguments of those who desire inflation for the advantage of their own mercenary purposes. Taxation, too, is likely to become a powerful lever in the hands of unscrupulous politicians.\* The exemption of government bonds creates jealousy and fermentation; which it is very easy for the ranting demagogue to take advantage of, and stir up people who own no property into antagonism against the opposite class. Already we have heard too much declamation in insinuating terms against the "bloated capitalists." The idle, vicious loafers' ballot will count as much as that of the most earnest, most truthful man; and what is to prevent a combination of loafers, scheming and brainless, genteel and vulgar, for the purpose of voting money out of their rich neighbors' pockets, and into their own? Just such an organized combination has long governed the city of New York, and yearly levies blackmail upon the honest and industrious. Why should the great States of Ohio, New York, and Pennsylvania, have agreed at the last November election to countenance, and even endorse, the disgraceful official behavior of Andrew Johnson? The national honor is not safe in the hands of men who would do that? No; the "good sense of the community" must be educated into a better sense before it is permitted to decide once for all on this important question. Then again, in times of business depression, it is most difficult for those who depend for their income on the activity of trade, to have faith in the ultimate good of a condition of affairs whereby they find themselves constantly losing money, instead of gaining it. They peruse the account of profit and loss with solemn faces, while the heavy balances in their favor, brought about by expansion during the war, escape their memory; or are only recollected in vivid contrast to the unpropitious present, and not as in any manner related thereto. They do not readily appreciate the fact that this very season of distress is but an augury and fore-runner of the season of abundance which providence has in store for them. Hence, naturally, they are dismayed, and know not which way to turn. It is reasonable to expect that too long a continuance in this routine of ill success will end in general demoralization.

How to guard against these dangers it may be difficult to determine. All must set their faces to the storm, and march unflinchingly

\* Heavy taxation does not reduce the load, but only changes its relations. In the case of whiskey it has been proved that trying to levy an inordinately high tax defeats its own end. No doubt our taxes ought to be adjusted in consideration of the times. Let them be reduced as long as depression continues, and again increased as soon as our finances become better established.

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onward. But there is one danger more to be feared than any I have yet mentioned. I notice that those who are most widely known for having the interests of humanity at heart, those who make politics a science not a trade, philanthropists and philosophers, are saying "Finance! That is a question which will take care of itself." True enough; so it will, if it be let alone to work out its own salvation—*laissez faire*, as the political economists have it—never, if you meddle and trifle with it, as cunning lawyers are doing at Washington. I claim that it is the duty of all our noblest minded men to give this subject their most thoughtful, most earnest consideration. F.

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#### MORAL CAUSES OF MATERIAL PROSPERITY.

##### II.

THE Talmud places in the category as worldly pests, the gossiping woman, and the virgin who wastes her time in prayer! There is philosophy in this. True prayer is work, which is unselfish. The criminal in jail or the recluse in the convent or monastery, neither benefit the world by their example and self-support, nor help to circulate money, which is the great lever of all prosperity. The great Teacher did not so severely denounce the priest on account of his mode of belief or worship, as because he made himself a burden to the people, and a creator of pauperism—living upon them and impoverishing their little ones. He preached not to the rich, who had the means of reading and study, but he visited and frequented the poor who, mentally and bodily sick from distress produced by unfair laws and usages, had "great need of the physician." And to cure these oppressed ones, we find that, under instruction, the earliest Christians attempted to carry out a system of community of goods and fraternity of acts. Such an effort could not be understood at that time. Under Roman rule no one was prescribed for religious belief; but when the fanaticism of the new sect went beyond mere believings into the realms of trade and class interests, and seemed to threaten the "very foundations of society," the pro-slavery thought and habit of the world turned against it with a violence that knew no compassion.

How far the blood of the martyr may be considered the seed of the church is an open question. The effort to lay more sure foundations for Society was clearly rooted out with fire and sword, and it is only now at this late day that the trading and other privileged classes be-

gin to comprehend a little that the prosperity of the people is the real secret of national wealth. The more men labor together for the common good, the more stability must be given to property. It is not an impossible division of wealth, where nothing is equal ; but the giving every body an earnest and fair opportunity to make a living. This "new way of life" has been hard to find by reason simply of the intense selfishness, and therefore ignorance, of the controlling classes.

Out of this turmoil of social struggles arose the new church, modified to suit the prevailing habits and necessities. Associated efforts — coöperation, now somewhat understood, were thought to be destructive to the business interests of the world. The idea of a State was not much beyond that of the old Frankish Bishop, "The clergy who pray, and the nobles who fight." The people, whom we recognize as the foundation of all wealth by their labor, and through their wages the really great circulators of money, the medium of endless business transactions or exchanges, had at that time no place in a State better than beggary, rags, dirt, starvation and contempt.

The question of labor in a more profitable direction, morally and materially, for rich and poor, started thus early, was still less understood by the Barbarian. Superstitious, yet overbearing, he divided honors with the church, introduced the new idea of converting tribes and nations to Christianity by the sword, and by this "infidelity" manifested more inconsistency and cruelty in persecution than even the Moslem. These were the "Dark Ages." There was little business enterprise, only "praying and fighting." There was no wealth, in the modern acceptation of the term, out of Italy. Nobles had possessions and power ; merchants traded a little, and Jews trafficked and loaned money. A cent would go as far as a dollar now. There was scarcely any currency to be procured. Men hoarded or buried what they had by great effort and risk acquired. To support servants and armed retainers, the nobles plundered and exacted tolls from travellers on rivers and roads. The end of the last century witnessed yet a few cases of highway robbery by these "gentlemen ;" and tolls and taxes damaging to trade are still levied in most parts of Europe. It was perilous in those chivalric times to leave home, and few ventured away unless in company with some force on a raid or feud of violence. Of honor there was none beyond fighting and assassination for the most childish fancies. "Gentlemen" rarely kept faith with each other, and never with persons of an inferior class.

Even the clergy was too ignorant as a body to comprehend the true value of the working population. On this account they the more easily acquired the aristocratic habit of levying tithes, &c., whereby

to live like "gentlemen," forgetting the example of their predecessors. They had not imagined, although they had the conduct of the earliest Christians before them, that for every non-producer of wealth, whether male or female, there must be many counterparts of poverty and misery which no charity can reach, nor police system cure.

When lately, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia visited Paris, there was nothing among the marvels of that great city which so surprised them, as the first view they had of a French crowd on the Sunday immediately following their arrival. The Emperor drew the attention of the King to the fact that the great multitude was well dressed, each man in good cloth, and every one seemed to have "a gold watch and chain." Accustomed to populations of oppressed and pauperized peasantry and artisans, whose wretchedness displays itself to eyes and senses, he could not suppress his astonishment and enjoyment of the novel spectacle.

East of the Rhine,—and the farther East and South the worse it is,—the aspect of a crowd tells the story of feudal laws and habits clear enough. England, notwithstanding her gigantic commercial and manufacturing prosperity,—notwithstanding her having drained the Indies for a century past of all their surplus wealth,—notwithstanding the immense fortunes thus accumulated,—possesses millions of landless and beggared people, a vast multitude of whom receive a bribe in parish relief *in addition to wages*, to enable them to live. What a sad commentary on feudal laws!

In France and Belgium and in Prussia, west of the Rhine, the Revolution of 1789, cleared away the whole barbarous feudal system and threw the land into the market like any other commodity. The French Kings heretofore held about one third of the land, the aristocracy another third, and the church the remainder. The people "were not in the State." Now there are more than thirteen millions of owners of the soil, and from 1828 to 1850 the wealth of France had increased, according to one writer, about eight fold!

The effect of the system on the morals of the nation has been extraordinary—out of Paris and the seaports, prostitution has almost disappeared. In those places the "majority are foreign women, with a minority of very ignorant French women." Police returns show equally favorable results in regard to their number relative to population, and their general conduct is well behaved, compared with female degradation in feudal countries.

Another item of interest, as showing the moral result of improved material conditions, was given by a British writer some twenty years ago. He says; "There is in France a yearly average of seventy-two

hundred persons accused of crime before the Assize Courts, and eighteen thousand two hundred and fifty tried before the Correctional Police. To accomplish this result the Magisterial body is immense, and the Gens d'arms in the Departments alone amount to no less than fifteen thousand."

"England with a smaller population has four times as many persons accused and three and a half times as many condemnations; but she has a much less extensive Judicial body."

The division of the soil enables every man to support himself comfortably and ask a *sufficient* price for his labor — that price being dependent on the abundance of, and the cost in rearing provisions. Almost every workman even in Paris owns a piece of land; and the immense ownership leads to a vast migration to and from cities according to the nature of the work to be done. No people live better. What adds to the importance of the French home market is the fact that women generally are brought up to do something for a livelihood. And thus, as so many millions of men and *women* are able through their earnings to purchase of the necessities of life, the mass of business created by the rapid circulation of money, and the multitude of exchanges which each piece of coin may make even in a week, causes so large a demand, that France shows a revenue as large as that of England, and displays on every emergency an internal force and power quite unsurpassed in the old world.

The progress of ideas inculcated by the study of Roman law, and the experience of travellers who had visited Italy to complete their studies, led the Northern nations gradually to reason in favor of human rights, and taught them to struggle for independence. These found expression first in movements for Church reform, which culminated in a few centuries in the Reformation; and secondly in movements in favor of social and political reforms, which are still making steady, but irregular steps in various nations, according to opportunity and capacity. Every step in freeing labor from the exactions of nobles and churchmen has invariably been accompanied by a corresponding material prosperity. Wherever the feudal power triumphed as in Spain, Italy, Bohemia, &c., there has been little business life.

Buckle says: "Indeed the extent to which the governing classes have interfered, and the mischief which that interference has produced, are so remarkable as to make thoughtful men wonder how civilization could advance in the face of such repeated obstacles. Even in England. . . . there has been inflicted an amount of evil which is sufficiently serious to form a melancholy chapter in the history of the human mind."

England by her insular position has escaped to some extent the burden of military organization imposed by the antagonistic fears and jealousies of continental Princes ; and thus her government has been forced to adopt a policy of dependence on "public opinion." This "public opinion" is however only the opinion of the aristocratic parties who struggle for power, and who use the Press to fight their petty interests. The English people are really not considered in that "State ;" yet view with a sort of pride the success of one lordly party or another, as if they had a real, beneficial interest in the struggle.

When fierce persecutions drove the Reformers out of the continental States, England from her insular position and fortunate adoption, through Henry VIII's pranks, of the progressive view, became their best natural place of refuge. And as these thinkers happened to be among the most industrious and intelligent of foreign artisans and mechanics, they gradually built up those great industries which have made England for a time the wonder of the world. But England after all has been only a stepping-stone to a greater Empire. The same untiring, progressive spirit which on the Mediterranean culminated in the Roman, and which the study of Roman law had stirred up afresh, in the middle ages, now sought more liberal fields of thought and action in the new world of America.

Governments being the products of the struggles of the wildest barbarians for personal preëminence and advantages, have never been modified in their aggressive nature but through the action of outlaws and Reformers. The earliest Republics of the Mediterranean were of this character. They naturally introduced laws and usages suited to the personal independence they sought. If the new governments became oppressive, the very physical character of the Mediterranean, its numerous islands, its rocks, its fastnesses offered places of refuge for new colonies.

Authority, wealth, power, lead to pride, and pride, being selfishness, is the natural crater of all political and social evils. To maintain peace among an oppressed and defrauded people has been one of the difficulties of the Statesman. To aid him in his desperate efforts no more potent drug could be found than the unchristian teaching of the priesthood, who, with the noble, practically hated the "horrid vulgar," as Virgil calls the people.

The inspired teacher however went to the source of the difficulty at once, and recommended associated effort, — a new way of life, — by which alone can peace come to rich and poor : — never without it. The history of the old world and the new, in its late civil war, is proof of the fact. But socialism, as generally understood, is an im-

possibility. A fraternal organization of capital and labor cannot grow up by believing in it. It must come through the slow process of that very selfishness which so bitterly opposed it under Tiberias and Nero. As men civilize, they learn to associate together — they congregate in towns and villages, and gradually they learn that their combined action as companies, increases their power and activity, and doubles their resources — just as a disciplined army is superior to a promiscuous mob.

The "written reason" of Roman law, as the victims of feudalism called it, had been formed gradually through the experiences of the Mediterranean people in its progressive march Westward from Tyre to Rome. To be a Freedman was the yearning impulse of every colonizer ; but the curse of Slavery still followed in his track, and by its contact demoralized him, and by legalized pauperism deprived him of sufficient purchasers in the market to keep him from starving, and ultimately compelled him to sell himself to his creditor.

In the conflict of antagonisms bred of this desperate struggle for individual independence, grew up great thinkers and acute lawyers to defend the right and to attack the right. Here and there appeared great legislators, like Lycurgus and Justitian, and great orators, like Demosthenes and Cicero. A multitude of others unknown to fame have done their part in the great work. But no law, however perfect, however admirable, could cure bad habits which the Religious Teachers of the age had taught as approved by tradition and sacred record. Nothing but Revolution can cure clerical errors and corruptions. Hence the poison of slavery, by simply concentrating the national product of labor ever again and again in each successive nation into the hands of the few who have the opportunity, diminished the actual amount of wealth, which only seemed, by the vastness of some of the personal fortunes, to have increased.

While a few thousand Romans revelled in a luxury they vainly tried to enjoy, the millions were growing poorer and more difficult to manage. The "decline and fall" came inevitably ; but, as already observed, it is a shallow view of the case to attribute this political and social exhaustion to the enervation produced by luxury. Could the people have been free, and thereby able to control their own labor, their demands on the markets would have been enormous, and the general prosperity always increasing — the result of which would have been a great increase in the number of the rich and well to do, a control of their moral conduct by the simple, practical, honest lives of the people, and an absorption into the ranks of industry of that idle, rowdy element of viciousness, gambling and riot which is created by every pro-slavery system.

"The Romans," says a French writer, Reveille Parise, "surpassed all other people in virtues and vices, in grandeur and in baseness." Let us not imitate them by clinging to habits and usages consecrated by time, and too often piously instilled into us ; but endeavor to rid ourselves of that remnant of feudal laws and customs which has so long perverted the nobler principles of Roman law. We need it to clear our law-practice of its demoralizing practices. To this point, the remarks of an English Judge, quoted by Blackwood in an article "Our only danger in India," is very applicable. "A learned Judge in passing judgment lately, declared that all lawyers must feel ashamed of the number of conflicting decisions bearing on the case before him. When a class of men devote their attention to a particular branch of physical or social science, they feel that it is not creditable for the public at large to see that there are wide differences of opinion among them, as to the results of their study or experience. If two of the initiated lay down diametrically opposite opinions, some of them at least must be wrong, and the uninitiated murmur that some of these wise men are no better than their fellows ; for the most ignorant individual generally knows sufficient to be able to give a wrong opinion upon any subject."

This bad practice is clearly a case of misdirected labor. There must be confusion in the ideas, produced by the clashing of the principles laid down ; and a perversion of the morale, produced by the exigences of money-making. The Judges who pervert justice ; the Juries who confirm the wrong ; the magistrate who screens the rogues, have before them the advocate who defends or accuses, and who in his anxiety to gain his case becomes more earnest in it than the litigants. By his arts, witnesses sometimes disappear, dates are changed, hand-writings are imitated, facts confidently misstated, forgeries perpetrated, false witnesses instructed, honesty and virtue infamously assailed, and villains preached up as models of Christian life and goodness ! Who can praise the eloquence of a Demosthenes when this is its accompaniment ?

But man must live by his profession ! Then why not limit the profession so that men may not work so hard in the track of ruin ? How much talent wasted, how much energy bestowed, to wrest a few dollars from one to give to another ! Talent, energy, which if devoted to the conquest of nature, to the grand aim of discovering her secrets and utilizing her endless products, would add enormously to human wealth and human tranquility and happiness.

As in all pro-slavery countries, there is a vast number of freemen, who for want of the money circulation which comes from wages, cannot find employment — so among the Romans the pressure to get

into remunerative occupations and professions was enormous ; and every art that desperate ingenuity could devise to create and prolong litigation, protract sickness, and increase the expense of religious duties, in order to make money out of the already overburdened, was used to perfect the machinery of robbery under legal and moral appearances. Hence "to take sides" in Law, that curse which fans the flames of litigation, and makes the lawyer more interested and bitter than the clients, is disastrous to Justice and Law. To verify the fact at once and impose the penalty, as mild as possible, but invariably, is the only way to make Law respected. But the perfected rascality of practice rendered the admirable principles of Roman Law as ineffectual as feudal law, which denied to the poor any position in the State "*any rich man or knave need respect.*"

If in one of our Departments, where questions involving millions of money are put through by a few clerks with the ease and simplicity of ordinary business — little points of law being referred to a competent law clerk for decision — if such cases went into Courts of Justice, with traders in law practice contending for the proceeds, how soon would they be decided? The small amount compared to this, yearly involved in litigation, and awaiting the contradictory decisions of Lawyers, is nevertheless a source of oppression, mental distress and slavery, that has its double effect in paralyzing the business of the litigants and wasting the energies of talented men.

The Church in its zeal for habits older than Christianity, has thwarted industry immensely and rendered pauperism perpetual. Unknowingly, and with zeal wrongly trained, it has erred, and struggled nobly, preached and prayed to succor the poor and relieve the distress thus created. It has made itself a grand institution of Charity, and with tears of sorrow for suffering, appeals incessantly for aid which in the forms of alms is almost as useless as it really is infamous.

Bishop Watson says: "By Christianity I mean, not that a man should pass his life in theological controversy or perplex himself in estimating the worth of the several systems of faith with which the Christian world has unhappily been perplexed, but that he should be habituated to consider the Gospel as containing a rule of life," &c. "Each Church is apt to impute not only error, but crime, to every other Church. This injustice I think extremely wrong. It is judging another man's servant. It is assuming dominion over other men's faith. It is presuming we are rendering God's service, when it may be that we are merely supporting our own prejudices, flattering our own self-sufficiency, and paying homage to our intellectual pride."

CHARLES L. ALEXANDER.

## BIBLE TEXTS.

WEBSTER gives the definition of *Text*, as a "discourse or composition on which a note or commentary is written."

We can all of us remember how much importance used to be attached to texts ;—how our juvenile memories were taxed to retain each particular one ; how the fly-leaves of the hymn and prayer books of the pews were etched over with memorandum of chapter and verse, thus aiding to establish it well in the memory, and securing to the attentive child the reward of parental praise, caress, or confections, on return home. That was about all there was of sermons in those days, that the youth, and propably nine tenths of the adults, could understand,—but it was enough. John and George were attentive, and "growing in grace," and the elder heads had, long before, reached the acme of terrestrial bliss, in the discovery that they were of the *elect*, and so snoozed away, while the ardent divine shovelled up the coals that were torturing, never consuming, the poor fallen-from-grace victims, in the murky and sulphurous regions of Tartarus.

Bible texts are not always used as *authority*—sometimes, merely as a "peg to hang some ideas upon," but among all evangelical sects, they are not only authority, but regarded as inspired utterances, and so are *all-important*, have an awful significance, and give a character, dignity and solemnity to the discourse, that otherwise could not be obtained.

Who ever questioned, in former years, the propriety, nay, *necessity* of mantling a religious discourse with a Scripture heading? True, it was often the case, that the sermon had no sort of relevancy to the text ; but that made no essential difference ; for any one who could n't see it, and avowed it, was quickly set down as a dolt, and thereupon, felt quite willing to hold his peace, if he would stand well with the "brethren."

Forty years have been marked up in the calendar of Time, since those "good old days," and some of us, who believe in progress, are becoming a little restive, and looking, rather anxiously, for reforms in in different directions, and begin to demand the *whys* and *wherefores* of certain customs and forms, and venture in a delicate or half timid way, to question the propriety of continuing a practice that has only custom for its warrant, and peculiarly belongs to fossil organizations, the relics of bigotry, bibliolatry, and superstition.

With religious sects who affect to believe in an "infallible record," there is a seeming propriety in using it very freely ; but with those who attach no such significance to the Bible,—but regard it as simply

the work of human hands, composed of much that is decidedly good and profitable, a good deal of no importance, but only fable and extravagant nonsense, and much that is decidedly vulgar and pernicious, with misrepresentations of the character of God, who is charged with atrocities that even the most cowardly and credulous cannot quite accept, and those daring to *think* repudiate at the cost of a forfeiture of church and social position, and even domestic comfort,—it seems as though they should utter their disapprobation of the custom, and permit it to remain where it legitimately belongs, until the growing intelligence and good sense of society shall strangle it out of use.

I do not question the propriety of using any sentence of *truth* wherever it may be found, whether in the records of the Brahminical sages, the Chinese philosophers, Hebrew oracles, German Rationalists, or sixteenth to nineteenth century thinkers and reformers; but I do object to entirely ignoring all but one class of authority, and that, to me, the very most unreliable, ambiguous, and mythical of all.

Are Socrates, Plato, Epictetus, the imperial and incomparable Aristotle, and the other worthies and wonders, whose counsels, religion, and maxims built up and maintained for more than a thousand years a government and a civilization, that in laws, morals, intellectual and art culture, and many other particulars, to this day, challenge the admiration and excite the ambition and emulation of the civilized world: are these matchless intellects,—these *God Men*, with all their exemplary virtues, their codes of ethics, unflinching devotion to principle, these self-sacrificing torture-and-death-defying reformers, represented in their wonderful utterances, — to be closeted in the dusty alcoves of college libraries, as antiquarian relics, — *laid aside*, — for the more recent philosophy of Jesus and the theological teachings of Paul and his superstitious compeers?

Because Jesus and other men of that age reasserted certain great moral and religious axioms, — promulgated in long ages before, in every variety of form, by Persian, Chinese, Brahmin, and Egyptian sages and philosophers, but in his day were represented in Metaphor, clothed with figures or encumbered with parables, susceptible of countless interpretations and constructions, many of them asserting what human reason, with the light of science to-day, determines are doctrines, falsifying the facts of nature, and outraging the character of the Almighty, — are *we* to imitate the orthodox sects, and persist in perpetrating a great injustice to the memory of those whom Jesus followed, and the long roll of reformers since — many of whom suffered much longer equally excruciating agonies, because of their advocacy of the moral and spiritual doctrines they promulgated or advocated?

D.

### WAYFARE.

FALLING as rain drops clear and round  
Through spaces wide our years descend,  
To rise in after-skies of thought  
As prismic hues in sunlight blend.  
Being counts but in other's joy;  
Self-seeking we ourselves destroy;  
Saving ourselves is vain device,  
We lose it if we seek our price.

For in the highest height of life,  
The outward and the seen above,  
Need is not known of man or time  
To round the perfectness of Love.  
'T is one with Nature all in all  
To be or not, to rise or fall  
Ourselves, but weightless motes at most  
In the illimitable lost.

Yet being, given, we are held  
Nor to, or from, but as we learn;  
And trial gives the even mean  
Of have and lack or cold or burn.  
The balance found, our course is straight;  
To measure held or soon or late  
By sateless must, that leads aright  
How much so ere it mocks our sight.

Nor do our fretted days appear  
In detail in the book of light;  
Well to be, if the balance struck  
Bespeak us clearly for the right.  
Counting measure of instant years  
Our scores are but a paltry boast;  
We well and longest live who deem  
Helping others helps us the most.

Serve not the past or future wait;  
The only real thing is now;  
Its meed allotted to us well,  
With data clear for why and how;  
So for light and peace to span,  
Striving we answer Nature's plan,  
And called to whence we were, we move  
Ever upward through planes of love.

G. E. EMERY.

## LETTER TO A CONGREGATIONALIST.

DEAR H.—I was much saddened to-day by the receipt of your letter. I was sad to think how far apart we were. Locally, it is only a few hundred miles which may be passed over in three or four days; but spiritually how much greater the distance. Twelve years ago, I stood where you stand now — then I rejected your creed — ever since, we have been increasing the distance between us.

It is not that I have less religion than you, neither do I claim that mine is all true and yours is false. We are both of us religious in our natures. We both have that reverence for the mighty unseen which is characteristic of religious minds; but in our theologies we are far asunder. You have accepted the definition of God as laid down in the Bible and interpreted by a certain class of expounders. I have found that definition grossly insufficient, and have placed my reliance on the word of God as found in the teachings of reason and nature. With you, the word of God consists of the paragraphs of a book which you claim to be absolutely true and consistent with itself. To me those paragraphs are inconsistent and contradictory among themselves, as well as with the acknowledged truths of science.

Starting from such different premises, it is no wonder that we find ourselves pursuing different paths, and arriving at different conclusions. It is no wonder that you should glory in the name of Christian, or that I should resist all attempts to limit the freedom of my speculations by assigning me to any class of creed-professors. To me, the word of God is the Universe and all that it contains. I see him in the growth of plants, in the affinities of substances, in history, in philosophy, in all arts, in all sciences and in man himself. But, most of all, I recognize the indwelling God binding me to all this universe, extending my relations to it day by day and hour by hour,—placing me in new combinations, teaching me the properties of substances through which I may act upon them, enabling me to discard that which is injurious and ally myself to that which is beneficial,—yes, watching over me with more than the love of a mother. While I feel and know all this, do you wonder that I can no longer see all of God's word in a simple book, whatever its claims to peculiar holiness may be.

But, aside from the difference in the premises from which we start, there are different characteristics to our respective natures which I fear will long keep us theologically asunder. You are a partizan, hopeful, brave and enthusiastic; you feel the inspiration of success;

you go with the current and live in the present ; you are animated by seeing the number of your comrades, and accustomed to victory you press on to new victories ; you fling out what you believe to be the banner of truth, and try to induce all to enlist under it. You have found many without opinions, with only feelings, or propensities, upon whom you have succeeded in making such impressions as you wished. But, have you ever really convinced a man? Have you drawn under your banner the first one who resisted you scientifically, and who, before he enlisted, was determined to know the why and wherefore and all about it? Have you not sought to impress the feelings, rather than to convince the understanding? Is not the whole machinery of revivals directed to this end? In fact, did any man ever hear of the evidences of Christianity being discussed at a revival meeting? No! the whole drift of such discourses is towards making an *impression*, not upon the judgment, but upon the hopes, or fears, the loves or hates, the sympathies or passions,—no matter what, so the poor frightened soul may think there is danger, and that the way of escape is to enlist under the banner. The exhilaration of such souls is no mystery. It is but the reaction from fright and terror—the joy of supposing themselves safe, when they feared they were lost.

I, on the other hand, have but little of the dash which carries the soldier over ramparts and precipices ; I am content to feel my way. I want to understand first principles, to remove difficulties, to see clearly into the nature of things. I am content to bide my time, for it will surely come. When, after long study I have grasped a principle, it is to me a weapon of offence and defence. I do not trust it till it is tried. I may not myself have the skill to use it offensively, but it is adamant against the strength of my opposers. I do not work for to-day. The time for the great contest is not yet. Some of the outer entrenchments of superstition may be successfully attacked. Thinking, investigating minds may feel our force, but we must wait for years before we can bring armies into the open field, and thunder at the gates of the citadel. Meanwhile events are preparing the way for us. Even in revivals we see it opening. Political earthquakes and social revolutions are but its prototypes. They are the beginning of the end, but the end is not yet. Our faith is never shaken, for, even in defeat, we see approaching victory.

To you, such a cause would not afford the excitement necessary for your enthusiastic devotion ; but for me, no words can express the thrill of exultation with which I perceive the approach of the contest. Your enthusiasm seems tame to mine. What I have prepared for with jealous care, devoting to it the patience of long years, is no chimera

of the brain. It is the fulfilment of the prophecies of the ages. It is hastening on, and as it approaches, my nerves harden and my grasp tightens, till my whole soul is absorbed in the interest of the scene, and my blood rages for action.

Do not wonder then that you can make no impression on me, any more than I on you. While you are a partizan, I am connected with no organization — free to seek everywhere for the principles of human progress. While you seek to impress the feelings, I can be approached only through the judgment. Present to me a truth, demonstrate it, show its importance, and you awaken my interest at once ; but, so long as your propositions are undemonstrated, doubtful, or, as I take them to be positively false and injurious, no amount of earnestness in you can excite anything more than sadness in me. I grieve to see your energy and devotion thrown away, or improperly bestowed. Yours is the enthusiasm of action, and is sustained by your surroundings ; mine is the calm and settled enthusiasm of firm conviction. It needs no immediate surroundings — its field is the world — its era is all time.

I say to you then, as you say to me ; — “read the word of God.” Do not imagine that he has confined that word to a printed book, — read it in all books, search for it in every newspaper, in every recorded fact, in every statement of a principle. Seek it in every human heart. Abandon false and useless excitements, which lead, you know not whither, and seek the “word” in the recesses of your own heart. Be humbled by learning that

“God sends his teachers into every age,  
To every clime and every class of men,  
With revelations suited to their needs,  
Nor trusts his all of truth to one sole race.”

Do not assume that those who differ from you have no *religion*. I once heard an illiterate preacher say, — “Religion is the important thing a man has to do.” That is my theory. Whatever is my most important duty is religion to me, as it should be to every man. It is a thing to be done, not a mere belief, or feeling. It is each duty as it arises, and not simply the duties of Sunday, or of morning and evening prayer. Until you come to see this, your realization of religion must be faint and imperfect.

I know that men can meet the terrors of death triumphantly, by being persuaded of a state of bliss ready for them beyond. For myself I need no such assurance, neither am I at all anxious about being saved from the threatened state of misery. It is sufficient for me, that the being who sent me into this world will take care of me in the next.

By the very fact of allowing me to be born, he has bound himself to take care of me through all states into which I may pass. Your beautiful Connecticut motto — "*Qui tanstulit sustinebit*," — "He who has transplanted will support us," — is more beautifully appropriate to the change which death makes, than to that simple emigration to which it was applied. It expresses the faith which I cherish ; and if I do not indulge in brilliant dreams of golden streets and gates of pearl, I have the far more blessed assurance that neither I nor my friends — not even one immortal soul that God has ever made will fail of at last attaining happiness. Nay more — instead of that unemployed calm in which your heaven is generally painted, and which to an activity like yours would be eternal death, I have the assurance of neverending employment, perpetual variety and change, such as my nature demands. And further — instead of looking beyond the portals of the grave for a blessing and a reward, instead of saying with Paul, "If in this life only, we have hope, we are of all men most miserable," — we accept the truth of the words of Jesus, and say, "The kingdom of heaven cometh not by observation, neither shall ye say, Lo here, or, Lo there ! for the kingdom of heaven is within you." I seek my heaven, not in this place, or in that ; not in marble places, or golden cities ; not far off beyond the grave, but within my own heart. If I make not heaven there, it is nowhere to be found for me. The "trials and tribulations of life are our teachers and our punishments, not sent to us in hate, but in love and for our reformation. Yet we may enjoy every innocent pleasure that lies along our path with confidence that we are but using the divinely appointed means for our happiness. And thus my heaven is here, or there, wherever I may be. Can you equal this faith and confidence ?

I assure you my friend, this is no vain-glorious boast. These are the feelings, and this the faith of years. In spite of the influence of early education and long continued familiarity with the orthodox expositions of the Bible, I found it necessary in the cause of truth to abandon long-cherished convictions, and follow the teachings of Nature and Reason. You know my sincerity. You know I would not write a word on so important a subject which I did not fully believe ; and I assure you that I investigated the peculiar claims of the Bible to inspiration, as long as there seemed two sides to the question. Since that time I have heard many able men attempt to defend that faith, but what they called argument was to me mere dogmatism and assumption. I admired rather the ingenuous confession of a learned clergyman of this place who declined discussing the subject with me, saying, that he had had several discussions on that question, but had

always found that they did no good. Could I wish for a more positive acknowledgment of the weakness of his side and the strength of mine? Discussions did no good *to his side of the case*. Does truth so hide her head before error?

Yet, if, in spite of what I have said, you think you have an unanswerable argument for the orthodox theory, or even a strong one, I shall be glad to hear from you, and will examine it carefully. I am not one who is determined to walk by a candle when the sun is shining, and if your light is more brilliant than mine, let me share in its benefits.

Sincerely, your friend,

L. B.

#### "THE PEDIGREE OF LIBERALISM."

MR. HIGGINSON has presented an example, not only of the succession of liberalism in the same family, but also of its expansion in the present generation. But I am afraid that this ancient example of Christian charity and toleration only exists in the words as now interpreted by the light of modern ideas. It was natural enough for men fresh from the land of persecution to frame liberal covenants under the feeling of reaction against tyranny, — covenants which with the first taste of power and the first provocation from non-dissenters, were broken as readily as made. There were other covenants of toleration made about that time, not one of which was kept. It was not the age of religious toleration. People knew nothing of the principle. They were all zealous, fiery soldiers of the Lord, and knowing well their Master's will, they were bound to execute it, crush whom it might.

The seeds of persecution, moreover, are thickly sown in this very covenant. The earnest devotion to the Lord as opposed to the "contrary ways, canons, and constitutions of men;" the protest against forwardness in "speaking and scrupling;" the fear of "distempers and weaknesses in public," that is, of free thinking and free speaking. It is easy to see how such cardinal ideas would in that day lead to persecution; just as it did. "In the first moment when they began to taste of Christian liberty themselves, they forgot that others had a right to the same enjoyment." In 1629, the year this covenant was written, high churchmen who refused to join the colonial establishment, were not permitted to worship in their own way, and the principal offenders were expelled from the colony.

The sort of Puritanism I referred to, and that which gave character to the times, was that which persecuted High Churchmen, Roman Catholics, Anabaptists, and Quakers, and put witches to death, which usurped the consciences of people, and sat in judgment on the privacies of life, which resulted in "blue laws," and drove people from their homes into the wilderness, and was "blue" generally. I can appreciate the deep earnestness, the much good there was in the early settlers of New England ; but at the same time I may point a contrast between their time and ours.

The pedigree of New England liberalism may reach very far back, but it is only within the last few generations that the stock has attracted any considerable degree of attention, or has played any considerable part in history. Why? Science and education did not begin to tell till within recent times. Even between our liberal friend and his ancestor there is a great gap. The one may have been very charitable and tolerant for his time ; but he carried about him a rich treasure of piety, while his descendant by his own acknowledgment is not only destitute of such treasure, but of the necessary "pocket" for retaining it ; \* — all of which I set to his personal credit, as well as to the logical credit of the point he called in question.

J. S. PATTERSON.

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## PROGRESS.†

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### CITY AND COUNTRY.

"And what do you make at the end of the year?"

"At the end of the year? Why, faith! my dear sir," —

Here the jolly old cobbler his eyes opened wide

And, merrily laughing, quite gaily replied —

"It is not my custom to reckon that way,

And I lay up but little from day unto day.

Contented I feel, at the close of the year,

If no poorer than when I began, I appear."

THE financial condition of the cobbler of La Fontaine has been for long centuries, and is, we may say, to-day, the financial condition of all the lower middle-class citizens of French towns. They lived from hand to mouth. The artisan earned by his day's work sometimes more, sometimes less, and he ate in proportion. As a matter of course, he taught

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\* See Proceedings of the Free Religious Meeting held in Boston, May 1867.

† By ED. ABOUT. Translated from the French by HENRY B. BLACKWELL.

his son his trade. The boy succeeded to the shop and customers, and supported his father in his old age. A small home trade kept pace with this petty manufacturing. With little ambition, little money, little credit, little merchandise and little custom, just enough was gained to keep the wolf from the door. M. Jourdain, the citizen-gentleman, is an exception almost as rare as Alceste the honest courtier.

The artisan, poor and isolated, obliged to do everything with his own hands and upon his own resources, accomplishes little and that slowly; he is forced to sell dear. The little storekeeper is in the same condition; he buys at fifth, or sixth hand; he keeps his goods a long time on hand, he does not turn over his capital twice a year; he loses a multitude of things by age, decay, the caprice of fashion, &c.

If the amount produced in a year by ten men could be produced in six months by two, it is evident that the consumer would have nine persons less to feed, clothe, and lodge. For it is he, who gives to the artisans the means of living.

If the village housekeeper, who uses a thousand needles a year, could buy them direct from the maker, it is equally evident that she would not be obliged to give several cents to each of the seven or eight intermediate persons, through whose hands the needles have reached her. These little truths of political economy are now so trite, so childish, that we are almost ashamed to name them.

And yet, if we should say to all these workmen in little shops, to all these artisans who are pinched for the necessities of life, to all these petty manufacturers who sleep nightly beneath the Damocles' sword of bankruptcy: "You are too many for us and for yourselves; you open too many mouths for us to feed in proportion to the services you render us;—consequently, you are all badly off; change your position, combine your activities, associate your talents and establish for us manufactories that amount to something;"—they would utter cries of despair, and swear they were being flayed alive. "We are our own masters: shall we make ourselves servants of others? Go away, good man, and leave us to work without profit till we die. For such is our pleasure!"

If we should say to all the little store-keepers of Paris and of the Country:—"Four grocers in the same street are too many; nineteen dry goods stores in a town of six thousand inhabitants are too many; would you not do better to combine your labor and capital, so as to undertake wholesale business, instead of eating each other up?"—each of them would reply without hesitation, "I understand trade; my neighbor will fail within six months, for he knows nothing about business, and I am incomparably sharper than he is."

As you please, my friends! The dealer in kindling-wood is master in his own house too. This is why all the kindling-wood dealers in Paris wear themselves to skeletons every morning, splitting faggots, which they sell for a cent. The smallest stream, flowing through a forest three hundred miles from the department of the Seine, would split, in a single season, all the faggots which are consumed in Paris, and the dealers could buy

this wood, ready prepared, at almost the same price as in the log. But the fuel-dealer is master in his own house to contract a pleurisy, if such be his pleasure. I will not put you out of your own house ; I have no right to do so. Only let me write on the walls of your little mean shops and little petty stores three words drawn from Holy Writ ; " Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." The great Capitalists will eat up the little ones.

This is no empty threat, but a fact which will soon be effected. Run your eye over the last page of your newspaper and you will see that the millionaire has taken in hand every profitable business. He is ship-owner, carriage-driver, insurer, omnibus-proprietor, mason, spinner, weaver, miner, blacksmith, tailor, shoe-maker, hotel-keeper, restaurant-proprietor, stower of ships, stone-cutter, theatre-director, dry-goods dealer, grocer, rag-dealer, baker, glass-blower ; water, coal, gas, zinc, iron, and steel belong to him. He is everything. He has everything. And he is perfectly right too, if it is necessary to tell you so. For he has not monopolized in order to sell dear, but in order to produce cheap : for it is not the selfish wealth of a single individual, but the fortune of all combined in the interest of all ! Go to him with the little you possess : he will immediately make you a partner in his profits.

Association will rule henceforward in Industry and Commerce. She has created all our railroads, which even the State would not have dared to undertake ; she has dug a part of our canals ; she is rebuilding our large cities, she is working our mines ; she renders easy all which seemed impossible of accomplishment, a hundred years ago. She offers such inducements to every body, that most of the inhabitants of cities are converting their fortune into negotiable securities, for the sake of obtaining a better return from their capital ; that the consumer, distant from commercial centres, finds a real profit in sending his orders to a great Paris warehouse selling at second hand, instead of applying to the neighboring store ;\* that, in fine, every intelligent young man can earn more by connecting himself, as traveller, or clerk, with a wholesale establishment, than by embarking alone at the risk of his property, his social position and his liberty.

As the progress of Association has resulted at once in the improvement of machinery, and in the general use of steam, we can readily believe that ; for a moment, this industrial revolution would leave many hands without work and many men out of employment ; hence sundry riots would ensue.

But the demand of the people has grown even faster than the supply, and manufacturing industry is short of hands in the midst of its powerful machinery. The introduction of railroads would do away, people said, with all the carriage drivers in France ; but it has multiplied them. The need of locomotion has grown still faster than the facilities of transportation.

The attractions of association and the hope of profiting by the chances of fortune which it affords to all men of good intentions, have stimulated

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\* This fact has made such progress in public opinion that the smallest dealer in Paris disguises himself in a firm, an association, or a Joint Stock Company, in order to inspire his customers with more confidence by doing so.

emigration from the country to the cities. Paris especially, being the centre of almost all the great industrial associations, attracts peasants by thousands. Is this an evil? Is it a benefit? A grave question.

The ruling and almost official prejudice assures us that it is an evil. The fact is, that governments, which cling to life, and which have a right to do so, dread somewhat these great accumulations of men around the executive power. They fear lest a hundred thousand pair of hands, thrown out of work by some political, or industrial crisis, may undertake (as we have seen them do already) to "smash the machine." Another consideration less direct and personal, makes our statesmen fear lest the country may remain uncultivated. It is certain that hands are scarce in the country. Traverse France from north to south, from east to west — everywhere you meet the same complaint and always the same outcry.

For myself, if you will refrain for an instant from accusing me of a paradox, I wish I could see all the poor emigrate to the city, and all the rich emigrate to the country; France will never be prosperous and enlightened on any other terms.

The domain of manufacturing Industry is infinite; but the national field of National agriculture is limited by the frontiers of France. Many years will elapse before our fellow-citizens will have as many houses, ships, carriages, articles of furniture, weapons, tools, clothes, linen fabrics, and shoes as they need in order to live with comfort. When Industry shall have supplied all these in abundance to the French people, no human power, (not even England), can prevent us from exporting our products to nations less industrious than ourselves. The capabilities of Agriculture are much more limited, viz., to extract from one hundred and twenty million acres all they can annually produce without becoming exhausted. If it were demonstrated that six million persons would suffice to do this, it would be not only useless, but absurd, to devote twenty million Frenchmen to the task.

Absurd is not a word strong enough; it is sad to be obliged to say so. France does not consume enough bread (two and a quarter millions bushels of grain for thirty-six million men), France lacks meat, leather and wool, France is obliged to go abroad for horses, because she has too many cultivators of the soil.

The revolution of 1793, in subdividing the national property, did a thing agreeable to the people, and even useful for a time. It is desirable that there should be many property-holders; the owner of property is a man happier, more peaceable, more civilized, more complete, and, if I may say so, more enlarged than he who owns nothing; for property is a kind of extension of the human personality.

The Civil Code has consecrated a principle of natural equity in abolishing the law of primogeniture. But no one foresaw the disastrous effect which these two causes combined would produce in a single half-century.

The peasant, infatuated with the possession of property, has committed, for the sake of land, as many follies as a lover for his mistress. Every body has desired to buy, hardly any one has wished to sell. If two and one-quarter acres fell into the hands of ten heirs, each of these attempted

to retain and cultivate his one hundred feet square.\* He who had in his hands a little available capital did not employ it in improving his land, but in acquiring more. The competition of buyers has occasioned such an advance in the price of real estate that the nett return has fallen, in more than one locality, below two per cent. per annum. And more than one unhappy man, blinded by this passion, has borrowed at usurious interest the means of paying the cost of his land ! This was Ruin organized ; ruin to the man and to the soil. For the land soon becomes exhausted, if we do not restore to it, in the form of manure, the elements we have taken from it in the form of crops.

An acre of grain yields us, on an average, eighteen bushels ; experience has shown it capable of yielding thirty.

We must acknowledge, in order to be just, that the obstinacy of the peasant has accomplished miracles. The unfortunate fellow counts for nothing his time and his labor, he throws himself into the bargain. There are districts in France, especially in the vicinity of large towns, where the arable land appears absolutely sifted by labor, where every weed is removed before it can grow, where salads, planted in quincunxes and set close together, allow a pot herb to grow in each interval, so as not to lose the one hundredth part of a square yard. But when the whole country becomes, like China, a marvellous specimen of garden culture, (and it is to this that we are tending), where shall we find manures ? We may demand it from Peru, from Patagonia, from the population of cities, from chemistry, from the refuse of factories. I admit it ; but these very limited resources will not carry us far. And all the manures in the universe will not supply us with meat. Nothing except culture on a large scale can supply us with that.

When you find yourself obliged to pay very high for a beefsteak, or cutlet, you ascribe it to the insatiable avarice of the butcher, and you are not altogether wrong. But it is needful to curse, before that, the division of property. You may raise a pumpkin in a tub ; you cannot raise sheep and cows in one. The breeding of cattle absolutely requires two conditions ; large capital and extensive pasturage. Large capital, because the beef which you eat does not mature in less than seven or eight years, if it be of domestic breed ; or in less than three or four years, if it be pure Durham, or of mixed breed. Widely different, this, you may be sure, from those fortunate commercial firms which turn over their capital every season. Extensive pasturage is needful, because animals, like men, do not prosper without a certain amount of liberty. Food eaten in the stable is readily converted into fat ; but to make muscle, movement is essential. Of all

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\* On the 1st of January 1851, it was estimated that there were, in France 7,846,000 owners of real estate. The ownership in the soil was divided into one hundred and twenty-six million separate tracts. Out of these 7,846,000 property owners three millions were considered paupers, or so nearly such as to be excused on that ground from personal taxation. It was estimated that there were 600,000 persons whose tax on principal did not exceed one cent per annum. Those calculations were in 1851. The division of the soil has since gone still farther.

countries in Europe, our native land enjoys a soil and climate especially intended for pasturage. Sully said that "pasturage and tillage are the two breasts of France." The subdivision of estates has mutilated France after the fashion of the ancient Amazons, one of her breasts is seared.\*

Our races of horses, the glory of ancient France, have been degenerating with frightful rapidity from 1793 to 1833. It is not only to the requisitions of the Empire, to the ravages of the Allies, and to the ingenious mismanagement of the stud by Government, that we must attribute this misfortune and disgrace. It is, above all else, the destruction of the great landed estates, which has compelled France to go afoot. Before a spectacle so lamentable we are almost tempted to regret those abbeys of the old regime, where the monks, themselves great stock-raisers, maintained a stud for the gentry around. In 1833, an association of men of fashion, well known to the public under the name of the Jockey Club, made very liberal expenditures to promote the amelioration of the races. The good it effected was considerable, yet our soldiers would have lacked horses, if the war of the Crimea in 1855, or the war of Italy in 1859, had lasted a year longer. Why: unless because it is necessary, cost what it may, to reconstitute the large estates?

Let us change our point of view. Follow me to Alsace, into a township of two hundred firesides, peopled by about a thousand persons, old and young, of both sexes, all cultivators of the soil. They own, among them, 1100 acres of good land, i. e., about an acre apiece. The acre is worth there from \$250 to \$400. Therefore, these people are rich in comparison with many others. Yet, in fact, none are more badly clothed, lodged and fed, none are more miserable and more ignorant than they. Do not accuse them of idleness and intemperance, you would be wrong; they work all the year round, and drink very little, except water. But their farms are so completely subdivided that they can have neither pasture, nor meadow, and consequently neither horses, nor oxen. Here and there, they seed down a little spot of artificial meadow, which enables them to feed one or two cows in the stable. They attach their cows to the plow, they harness them to the cart, but almost all their operations are effected by the hands of the men, almost all their crops are harvested in baskets upon the heads of the women. Almost all the produce is consumed upon the spot; only, upon the Friday of each week, the women go on foot to the neighboring town to sell a pair of chickens, a few beans or two, or three dozen apples.

At the end of the year, everybody has lived poorly, eaten a good many potatoes, a little pork, and, twice only, some cow beef, but nobody has laid by one cent. They have even been obliged to borrow some money from

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\* Out of forty-four million acres of cultivated land, England has twenty-four millions in grass. France has only seven out of forty-two in grass. In other words, our farmers devote one-sixth of their lands to the production of meat, and the English, more than one-half. It follows from this, that the English not only have more meat, but more manure, and raise, on an average thirty bushels of grain to the acre instead of eighteen.

the petty bankers of the town. The nett revenue from these eleven hundred acres, valued at more than four hundred thousand dollars, is not even zero; it is a negative quantity. If the inhabitants of the village should discover, some fine morning, that they were playing the part of dupes, if by common consent they would sell all they have, to an association of capitalists, the face of the country would be changed in no time.

The new proprietor would begin by dividing the farm into two equal parts: one of which, seeded down in grass, would feed two hundred and fifty head of heavy cattle, at the rate of one head to two acres. These two hundred and fifty animals would furnish just the amount of manure requisite to put into a productive state the five hundred and fifty acres of land under cultivation. To this manure, would be added, if necessary, some superphosphate of lime, some potash, or some other artificial fertilizer, according to the nature of the soil and the culture to be pursued. Four hundred and fifty acres in grain, well worked, and well manured, would yield, with a little effort, thirty bushels to the acre, i. e., bread for five men from every acre. Here are over two thousand men fed by two-fifths of a tract, the whole of which barely sufficed for a thousand.

There still remain a hundred acres which may be devoted to the culture of commercial staples such as madder, hops, sugar-beets, flax, hemp, or tobacco. During this time, meat is growing and multiplying over a surface of five hundred and fifty acres. The year following, the grain will be replaced by potatoes, which will feed, not two thousand persons, but five thousand, according to the most authentic and best verified calculations, or else by Indian corn, which yields seventy bushels to the acre in the valleys of Switzerland. Twenty persons, or twenty-five at most, would suffice for this cultivation, which now absorbs the energies of a thousand people. A score of well fed persons, aided by twelve horses, fifteen oxen, and some labor-saving machinery, would obtain, without fatigue, the produce which the earth refuses to a thousand emaciated laborers. All the capital engaged in the business would yield a nett return of from five to ten per cent. All these figures are taken from the most unexceptionable sources. If we adopt the very competent calculations of Ed. Lacouteux, the highest culture, which manures land to the utmost, so as to obtain its maximum product, is an investment yielding fifteen and one-half per cent. per annum.

But the peasants deprived of their homes? What would become of these nine hundred and seventy-five individuals whom we have persuaded to sell their modest domains?

Don't be in too great a hurry to pity them. In the first place, they have a little capital, which will bear fruit well enough in manufacturing industry. A family of four persons who may have sold four and a half acres some years ago, in order to invest \$2000 in the Beet-Sugar Factory of Cail, would be drawing to-day 22 per cent. on their capital, i. e., \$450 income.

Those who, dreading the risks of business, may have invested their money in government securities, would draw an income of about \$100. This is one hundred dollars more than they would have gained in the village, for each individual has resumed possession of his two hands; he can

work in a factory, or establish himself as a servant in a City mansion ; but there is no labor, nor servile condition, more irksome than the labor and servile condition of the peasant.

But may not the Government have reason to fear that these dislodged land-owners may become disturbers of the public peace ? Far from it ! In exchanging their rural homes for personal property, they have only strengthened the tie which connects their private interests with the public security. Revolutions only affect a landed proprietor in his income ; they threaten the proprietor of personal property in his entire capital. The slightest disturbance in the streets of Paris is sure to reduce the value of all the paper which circulates in France. Now, a decline of one per cent. on \$8,000,000,000 of securities destroys \$80,000,000 in the pockets of all the holders of stocks, without profit to any one. The public peace therefore has everything to gain by the transfer I propose. The one thousand villagers dispossessed of their lands by their own free choice, remain property-holders in another form. The lands, which they cultivated badly and which was worth \$400,000 without paying any interest, is itself mobilized, i. e., is converted into stock, whereby many thousands of persons are enabled to become interested in the property of a single farm. And we have solved the problem lately proposed by the Marquis of Andelarre, viz : "how to augment the number of proprietors while diminishing the number of estates."

A political economist has very wisely remarked that the civilization of a nation may be measured by the quantity of iron they consume. It seems to me that we might measure it by still another standard. This is, the proportion of the agricultural population to the whole number of the people. In Russia, the inhabitants of the country form almost the entire nation. In France, they form one half of it. In England they were one-fourth part in 1852, to-day, they are probably not more than one-fifth.\* Let us begin by overtaking the English. But I confidently hope that we shall not stop short in so desirable a movement. Three, or four million people are as many as are absolutely necessary for the cultivation of France.

The village is the last stronghold of Ignorance and Misery. Think for a moment of the moral and physical destitution of the peasant who has no property. His notorious poverty, the object of contempt is aggravated by a sense of disgrace. If he be feeble and sickly, the children beat him at their will. The women give him alms, but only such as people can give who have barely enough to live upon. If he be robust, he will find employment, for we well know that strong arms are always in demand. But he will be fed and paid with contemptible parsimony and, sad to say, even the most generous master cannot do otherwise. The nett income from land is so small, at best. The master himself is working for nothing, and can you expect him to pay his plow-boys ?

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\* Ten years ago, it was estimated that there were 306,767 farmers and agriculturists in general ; now, the number has decreased to 249,276. This is a diminution of twenty per cent. All classes of the agricultural population have diminished in the same proportion.

I need only remind you of the incurable ignorance in which the country laborer stagnates. If he have not been taught to read when a child, where will he find a school open to adults? Moreover, a man who is obliged to get up at three o'clock in the morning, is not much inclined to attend class, when night comes. Yet this is the man, whom a certain class of moralists persecute with exhortations to stay in his hole. Never mind them, my boy! Put on your best shoes, if you have any, and set out for the city. There, nobody will throw stones at you in the street, because you are poor. There, you will find evening schools, if you want to learn; hospitals, if you are sick; an organized system of charity, if you cannot make both ends meet. But, above all, you will find labor intelligent, useful to the capitalist, to the consumer, and to the laborer himself. Be honest and diligent, you will make a living at least; perhaps, even, if things go well, you may amass a handsome sum. We have seen more than one poor peasant make his fortune in the city, but we never heard of a poor citizen becoming wealthy in a village. Therefore tie up your bundle!

The critic may object, that if the poor country laborer migrates willingly to the city, it is quite otherwise with the peasant proprietor. The latter clings to his old house and his land. He is a bold man, who will venture to drag him away! I am well aware of it, and I do not dream of doing violence to any one. I point out what seems to me good; Time and Reason will perhaps do the rest. Have we not already seen, in our Eastern provinces, almost entire villages take their leave, sell all their lands, and depart for America? The State of Ohio still sees them arrive from time to time. There is an Alsatian quarter in the city of Cincinnati. Many French peasants have a taste for agriculture. It is a very happy gift, which should not be neglected.

When an intelligent man has come to comprehend that agriculture on a small scale is a humbug, he will exchange his six or eight acres of worn out land for an estate, somewhat remote indeed, but large and fresh. Nothing can be better! The misfortune is, that our emigrants only decide to leave France when they have nothing left. And it is also a pity that they go to colonize North America, when we have colonies of our own.

We have not enough, perhaps, to satisfy our national vanity, but we have more than we need to furnish employment, within a few years, for fifteen million peasants. This admirable resource is well nigh lost, for, except the sugar and coffee islands, none of our colonies return the Mother Country one half of one per cent. upon the capital they have cost.

We are assured, by way of consolation, that the genius and temperament of the French race are unfit for colonization. I will believe this is true, when, at least, one experiment shall have been tried under favorable conditions. To scrape up from sundry villages of Alsatia an exhausted population, to transport it into the midst of an unhealthy and uncultivated plain, to subject it to military discipline, to distribute rations to it, and to build it wretched huts;—this is the best that France has ever done yet with the strong arms of Government!

A writer on public affairs, who has achieved a somewhat successful

career (since he rules to-day over thirty-six million men), has written this sentence, which should be engraved in golden letters on all our public monuments: "We must resist this fatal tendency, which drives the state to do itself, what private individuals can do as well, or better."

Suppose that the Government, converted to this judicious sentiment, should decide to treat Algeria, Senegal, Guiana, and New Caledonia, like the park of Monceaux. It calls in the great financiers; it sells them for forty or fifty cents per acre, all the colonial lands which have no owners. Each of these gentlemen begins by issuing stock. Such stock will always bring money. They pour into the coffers of the State a considerable sum of money. Are you aware that our Senegal alone is as large as Spain? The first formalities complied with, each Banker hastens to open a grand Avenue extending from the Madeleine to the Colony which he has undertaken to develop. In other words, a regular line of steamships and sailing vessels. That done, he next provides internal communications, by a net work of cheap, temporary railroads, with as many stations as he can find healthy localities. He then proceeds to lay out the lands, and returns to say to the cultivators of the fair land of France—"Who is willing to exchange an acre of poor land for five hundred acres of virgin soil?" You are killing yourselves without profit on a wretched scrap of land which has cost you \$1000. We offer you at the same price five hundred acres of rich soil which we have bought for \$300 dollars, and upon which we have expended \$200. Our profit is one hundred per cent., and no one need complain of it; for you gain ten times as much as we do. Do not forget to provide yourself with the capital necessary for your first establishment; but if, by accident, the sum should prove insufficient, a company, organized for the purpose of lending money on real estate, under our charge and for our profit, will loan you \$500 upon property worth \$1000. Another company will build you a house at a fair price, if you do not prefer to build for yourself. Another one will supply you with cattle, to keep on shares, as many as you can feed; another one will insure your life for the benefit of your children, until you have made enough money to have no farther fears for them from the loss of your earnings. The facilities of transportation, which we have provided, will insure you against home-sickness; we live no longer in an age when the emigrant expatriated himself without hope of return. The railroads, we have laid, do away with almost all the danger to health which arises from breaking up new ground. It is between sundown and sunrise that the newly broken ground exhales miasma. The laborer who can betake himself every night to a healthy place, has really little to fear. At the end of a few years, when the whole country has been broken up and reduced to cultivation, you will be able to establish yourself in perfect security in your own home, and you will control a family estate as extensive as the entire surface of your ancient village. Finally, to crown the whole, we will guarantee you the possession of the most precious of all privileges, and the rarest of all; nobody shall undertake to protect you! You will be defended, as is proper, against foreign invasion, but you will never have to dread that interior protection, that niggardly, ruinous, exas-

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perating supervision, which, up to the present time, has caused the failure of almost all the colonies of the French people.

Experience will doubtless suggest some modifications in this programme, but it is good, as a whole. It has already been tested in practice (the English, Dutch, and Americans, can tell you so), and France will come to it, eventually. We certainly shall not live to see the work accomplished, but it is some consolation to foresee it.

It would perhaps be imprudent to take a man from the 50th degree of north latitude, and to transport him, without transition, to the 10th. But, between France and Senegal, we have that admirable Algeria, which ought to serve as the first depot of supplies, and as a garden of acclimation to our emigrants. When the English wish to send a regiment to the Indies, they begin by putting it on garrison duty at Malta. Our emigrants should follow the same wise and sure method. They should stop for some years, and if needful, some generations, in those fertile plains, which artesian wells have irrigated, within the past ten years, and which railroads will not be long in supplying with population. This is why I admire very little the policy, more magnanimous than far-sighted, which appropriates to undivided property and barbarism one-half of the Algerian soil.

All the productions of the equator will finally become acclimated among us, provided special care is taken in their transition. They will be gradually conveyed to Algiers, to Marseilles, to Lyons, to Paris; or following another route, to Algiers, to Bordeaux, to Nantes, and along the coast of Finistere, where the humid and luke-warm atmosphere enables the arbutus to pass the winter in the open air. The human emigration will ascend this current. It will pass from France to Algeria, soon to radiate thence to Guyana, to Senegal, to our lamentable possessions in the East Indies, and to Cochin China if we remain there. Between the straights of Gibraltar and the canal of Suez, those two great routes, of which the former will soon be open, and the latter, free, Algiers will be the station, the ware-house, the depot, and the hotel.

But France? What will she be? What will she resemble, when the progress of Agriculture and the march of Emigration have caused fifteen million men to leave her? Will our little children inhabit a wilderness, enlivened only by the smoke of a few factories? Don't believe a word of it! Nobody dreams of depopulating the country: we only want to people it with happy men and women. Do you know why the *London Times* is so long that it takes a man all day to read it? It is because Englishmen do not locate happiness in the same place as we do. We lodge it in the city, and especially in Paris; they see it only in the country.

Some years ago, on board an Austrian steamer, I entered into conversation with two merchants, who were travelling on business. One was a native of Provence, the other, an Englishman from Lancashire. Both were in pursuit of the same object by land and sea, an income of twenty thousand dollars a year. But their "castles in the air" resembled each other only in their foundation.

"As for me," said the Provencal, "I am going to spend my income in

Paris. Marseilles is good and beautiful, but to be in Paris only is to be in the world. To dine at a restaurant, to saunter on the boulevard, to chat in the Cafés, to look at the shop windows of the Palais Royal, to take a carriage-drive to the Champs-Élysées, to applaud, every night, a new play, to see the dancing at the opera, and, above all, to live gaily amid the most intellectual people in the world: this is life, as I understand it, and it is possible nowhere but in Paris."

"As for me," said the native of Lancashire, "I have set my heart upon a property, desirable both for pleasure and profit, two hundred miles north of London. The house is neither a cottage, nor a mansion, but something between the two. On the other hand, the park is magnificent; the turf, the most verdant; the brooks, the most limpid; the oldest oaks in which a crow ever made her nest. From the parlor windows you can see the ocean. There are pleasant neighbors, one two miles off, another four miles away, besides the village pastor, and a retired officer of the East India Company. These are more than are needed to make up a game of whist. I shall marry my cousin Arabella, who has waited seven years for me, and who has no rival in the United Kingdom in reading the Bible and making buttered toast. I shall take *The Times* and the *Westminster Review*. I shall ride on horseback. I shall drink the best Bordeaux wine at dessert, I shall make those around me happy, and I shall have eight rosy children, well-behaved, and well-fed, who will grow up in the love of labor and other respectable traditions of old England. Each of them will choose a career in accordance with their tastes. They will go to make a fortune, to Liverpool, Manchester, London, the Cape of Good Hope, or even to Calcutta, after which, they will buy, if it please God, cottages like my own, and there will enjoy the repose of a pleasant and honorable life. It is in the city that a man acquires wealth, but in the country that he enjoys his riches."

"We are both right," replied the Provençal. "I understand why an Englishman places happiness three hundred miles from the metropolis. It is because London is a city of manufactures, commerce, politics, vanity, misery, fog, and gin, — of nocturnal and gross enjoyment. London does not appeal to the soul. To the native, it is a smoky and devouring workshop: to the stranger, it is a splendid and stupid hotel; to a few great nabobs, who have millions of income, it is a theatre in which they can strut for three months. If Paris resembled London, I should choose the country, as you do."

My Provençal has gained the twenty thousand dollars income which he sought. He came to reside in Paris last spring; but he found that Paris begins to resemble London a little too much; and if you have a handsome country-seat to sell him, I think a sale may be effected.

It is certain that Paris has changed very much within a few years. Before it numbered a million inhabitants, it was the most delightful and brilliant city in the world, governed by a hundred agreeable ladies, and as many distinguished men. People lived there at small expense, without any pride of wealth. Wit and grace, the Parisian currency pre-eminently, were the passport to every circle. Ridicule served instead of the police; an idea

which was sensible, or even merely comical, had the force of law. Inquire of Gavarni, Gautier, Dumas, or Méry, of all these Parisian men of genius, who have had the good fortune to remain young, while Paris herself has grown old. They will describe to you those evening parties, so enchanting and unassuming, to which people went on foot, with hands ungloved, where lustres and diamonds glittered only in the fact of their absence, where there were expended only bright sayings and sprightly ideas, and from which the guests came away dazzled and fascinated by the splendors of youth and the glories of intellect. In those days, a young man made a display upon an income of twelve hundred dollars; a handsome suite of apartments on the Rue de Provence could be rented for a hundred dollars a year. People breakfasted on a cutlet and a glass of wine; a business man changed his shirt every Sunday and Thursday, and, nevertheless (inconceivable as it seems), he made as good an appearance as we do to-day. Is it the washing that has degenerated, or our taste which has become more fastidious? The problem is too grave too justify me in attempting a hasty solution. In those days, a volume of Victor Hugo reached a circulation of twelve hundred copies, and the report of so prodigious a success filled the world. A play by Scribe had a run of forty nights, and it was the event of the year. The audience of the theatre and library was limited, but select. It was an aristocracy of twenty thousand individuals, who sat in judgment on an oligarchy of a hundred persons. To obtain the suffrages of the Parisian world, a flash of wit was indispensable, to maintain their favor, a continuous series of such, an uninterrupted succession of master-pieces. A few distinguished strangers, at the beginning of winter, landed on this happy island. They were not numerous, for post horses were expensive, and the jolting of the stage coach was always rough. But they enjoyed themselves, those lucky fellows! And their purses did not suffer much, either. When they returned to their native country, they described the wonders of Parisian life, and disseminated in their vicinity a violent curiosity to see Paris. As for the Parisians, they did not go abroad, except at the last extremity, and on business of the utmost importance. They were well off at home; the expense and fatigue of travel alarmed them. To drive a hundred miles in a carriage, from motives of mere curiosity, seemed almost absurd. Sooner go and see the comedy entitled "*A Journey to Dieppe*." Sunday walks did not extend beyond Montmorency. I can recall the precise year when the forest of Mendon was discovered by some seekers for adventures. The Parisian sportsmen were enclosed in the plain of St. Denis. The thrush and the cookoo flew about the Department of the Seine and felt at home there.

How times have changed! I say it without bitterness, or regret. For, after all, it cannot be concealed that it is Progress which has destroyed the city of Balzac and Paul de Kock, that poor, brilliant, gay, sublime, unhealthy and adorable Paris. Is it not steam, which brings to us, every hour of the day, this tide of strangers, ever new, ever increasing, and ever more and more invasive, in the midst of which the population of old Paris disap-

pears as if drowned? Is it not to satisfy the legitimate curiosity of these invaders that the theatres of Paris, formerly so French, so prolific, so varied, now condemn themselves to exhibit, four or five hundred times running, absurd and dazzling pantomimes? It is necessary to speak to the eyes of these people, since they do not understand the niceties of the language. Is it not the progress of manufacturing industry and the excess of luxury, which, by dint of multiplying vehicles, have effected so many demolitions, extensions of old streets, and openings of new avenues? Lodgings are dearer; 't is a misfortune for poor literary people, but the enhanced price of tenements is an evidence of public prosperity. Is it not to the stock exchange, this "enraged shop" of Progress, that we owe the rapid growth of fortunes, the insolence of upstarts, and the revolution which has dethroned talent for the benefit of the million? Is it not absolute democracy, incarnated in universal (male) suffrage, which has placed at the summit of society the example of *high life*, and of grand, aristocratic luxury?

These results of Progress affect you disagreeably when they derange your habits. You occupied a beautiful apartment at a low rent, it becomes necessary to take an inferior one at a high price. You were rich upon such and such an income; some fine morning you wake up poor. It is not that robbers have broken into your closet; it is the price of butter, which has advanced from twenty-four cents to sixty cents per pound. While you are meditating after the fashion of Marius, seated amid your own private ruins, your wife comes to inform you that it will be necessary to triple her allowance, unless you are willing that she shall be taken everywhere for a chambermaid. The friends, who used to live next door, whom you visited at all hours of the day in the most kindly and delightful intimacy, begin to cost you a dollar for a carriage every time you wish to see them. This Paris has grown so large, since the annexation of the suburbs! The theatre wearies you by the uniformity of its performances, when it does not absolutely disgust you by the stupidity of its exhibitions. The Italian Opera costs you three dollars a ticket, the price of two bushels of grain, and, moreover, they have done away with the parquette. You begin to see that your dearly beloved Paris has become a mere huge hotel, where the rich people of the whole universe congregate, to spend in haste, not their income, but a specified sum: so much for the Grand Hotel, so much for the Maison d'Or, so much to see the opera ballet and the fashionable spectacle, so much for the public balls, and so much to be introduced to I know not what porter's daughter, to whose house Europe and America are filing off at the double quick. All this annoys you, but do not be annoyed at it, all this is only the ugly side of a very beautiful, good, and grand thing, called progress. Would you prefer that railroads should not have been invented? that the stock exchange should be demolished? that France should be deprived of universal (male) suffrage.

Paris will probably never again become the artistic and intellectual City, you adored in your youth, but it will be something more and better than a

mere place of public debauchery for all nations. It will be, nay, it already is, the political, financial and industrial centre of the modern world. No one will ever again be enabled to live here cheap, because a store, or a factory brings a higher rent than a private house. But if high prices alarm you, if the rush stuns you, no law forbids you to abandon the place to those who are compelled to be there, because there only can they become rich. Have you the means of living elsewhere? Use the railroad. It not only brings people here, but it takes them away too. And there remain assuredly more than one valley in France, where a person can live in happiness and tranquility at small expense.

Do you wish to live long? Then live in the country! Would you marry for your own happiness? The country! To follow without distraction in books, reviews, and newspapers, the movement of the human mind? The country! People have no time to read in Paris. Are you ambitious to do a little good? The country! In Paris, the rich man, whose door is guarded, and who rides in his carriage, can ignore the existence of misery. In the country he necessarily comes in contact with it, he is everywhere tempted to stretch out his hand to relieve it. Do you wish your children to develop both body and mind; to learn everything, of which it is a disgrace to be ignorant; to be able to distinguish wheat from rye and timothy from clover; to form an early habit of treating kindly the inferior animals, our willing servants; to put their young hearts in unison with the entire world; to teach them to live in communion with Nature? The country! There will always be an opportunity of sending them to the city, when you wish to form their character by friction and struggle. For yourself there is nothing to prevent you from returning to Paris for a month, or two, on business or pleasure. Promise yourself to do so, the day you leave the city; it will alleviate the bitterness of the farewell. But you will not come back very often, I venture the prediction. The fashionable world retired from the faubourg St. Germain to the country after the three days revolution of 1830, as formerly the Roman people went to Mount Aventine. "Let them alone!" every one said, "it is only a fit of spleen. They will soon return to us. How can any one live out of Paris?"

Very few ever came back, and even they did not stay long. The country captivated them by that secret, modest, indescribable charm, which we do not feel at first, which leaves us indifferent and almost wearied, but which soon, by force of habit, takes possession of our whole being, and enchains the inmost fibres of our heart. It is the genial despotism of natural enjoyments! We begin by regretting the absence of the noise; the gas; the jostling of the crowd; the distant rumbling of the omnibuses at night; the German street-sweepers we used to meet at 3 A. M., going their rounds; the billiard saloon and bowling alley; the theatre; the nasal, or shrill tones of this comedian; the feigned laugh of that overdressed woman, and the complicated perfumes with which she was environed. But one morning we saw the sun rise amid the faint blue vapors which floated along the river; one night we gazed in admiration at some enormous clouds illumi-

nated by the setting sun ; we were struck with the rich and varied colors of the forest at the first chill of autumn : we drank in through all our senses that delicious silence, which envelopes the whole world in the beautiful nights of December, when everything sleeps beneath the snow. But that which attaches you forever, that which effaces from your soul the last remembrances of and the last regrets for the city, is the delight of measuring the growth of a tree you have planted. It has grown three feet in a single year ; what a delight ! You are impatient for next year to come round, in order to see the new progress it will have made. In Paris, everything awakens regret for the years you have spent ; in the country, everything recompenses and thanks you for growing old.

When Paris is no longer inhabited, save by men of business and fast livers ; when the Institute, expelled by the costliness of rooms, holds its sessions at Meaux or Pontoise, France will be colonized by the wealthy. The life of the nation will no longer be hoarded up in a corner, it will be found disseminated over the whole face of the country. We shall enjoy pantomime and spectacle in Paris, but comedy in the rural districts. We shall write, no matter where ; we shall read everywhere. In that day, there will be Provincials no longer ; or if, by chance, one such should be discoverable, he will be some poor, ignorant creature, stupid and uneducated, in consequence of never having gone away from Paris.

The dispersion of the richest and most enlightened families will exert a happy influence upon the political life of the nation. Have you ever read the pretty romance called "The Country Gentleman ?" It contains a true idea, apart from the question of gentility, which is only an innocent puerility. The author shows how an intelligent and benevolent man may become, by general consent, the arbiter, the councillor, the natural and legitimate leader of a township. If France possessed, in every locality, fifty individuals like this baron de Vaudrey, the necessity for government officers would be advantageously replaced by a kindly public sentiment, and the people would not need to be controlled by a bridle, because they would be led by the hand.

## NOTES.

### THE DEFENSE OF PROTESTANTISM.

"ROMAN CATHOLICISM, weak in every member, is prodigious in its total effectiveness, because it is a unit. It is quietly seizing America, piece by piece, State by State, city by city. In a new State like Wisconsin, for instance, it has the oldest college, the largest theological school, the best hospitals and charities, the finest churches; and what is true of Wisconsin is equally true of many other Western States. Protestantism, with a hundred times the wealth, intelligence, public spirit and administrative ability, by reason of its sectarian jealousies and divisions, can have no parallel successes, and is losing rapidly its place in legislative grants and in public policy. The Irish Catholics spot the members of State legislatures who vote against the appropriations they call for, and are able in our close elections to defeat their return. Representatives become servile and pliable, and Romanism flourishes. A Quaker gentleman of wealth, in the West (the story is exactly true), married a Vermont girl who had become Catholic in a nunnery where she was sent for her education. It was agreed that if children were given them, the boys should be reared in the faith of their father, the girls in that of their mother. The Vermont mother gave her husband ten girls, but never a son! Eight of them grew up Catholics, married influential men and brought up their children Catholics, and in some cases brought over their husbands, and so the Roman Church was recruited with Protestant wealth and Quaker blood to a vast extent. So much for sending Protestant girls to Roman Catholic seminaries, and then complaining that so many Protestants are lost to the superstitions of Romanism! There is an apathy about the Roman Catholic advances in the United States among American Protestants, which will finally receive a terrible shock. There is no influence at work in America so hostile to our future peace as the Roman Catholic Church. The next American war will, I fear, be a religious war — of all kinds the worst. If we wish to avert it, we must take immediate steps to organize Protestantism more efficiently and on less sectarian ground."

MANY signs indicate that the alarm is spreading through the country which Dr. Bellows thus echoes from Europe in the columns of the *Liberal Christian*: It is without doubt the settled purpose of Catholic leaders to extend their power in this direction. To establish the Church in a democratic land is confessedly a new enterprise; but they bring to their task an unwavering faith, they are vigilant, active, self-sacrificing; and as sincere as protestant leaders, to say the least; they calculate upon success.

What now is the purpose of Protestantism? Dr. Bellows calls for an "organization on 'less sectarian ground.'" But so far as mere party success goes, America may as well be Catholic as Protestant — unless Protestantism comes to mean somewhat

more consistent with its confessed principle, than is now represented by the most liberal Christian sect. It has but a feeble claim upon the respect of mankind. Its past history has by no means been a brilliant one. It has never shown itself self-reliant. It has lopped off some of the old dogmas—concerning which it matters little what is believed—but the same temper controls it which rules Romanism. A German writer professed to find in early Christianity three distinct developments: first, that of authority; second, of intellect; third, of love: Catholicism, Protestantism, and then pure Christianity, or Loveism. But Protestantism, though boasting of intellectual achievements, has shown scarcely more “reason in religion” than Romanism. The Christian Protestant distrusts reason, is afraid of private judgment. He advocates liberty of opinion, and then restricts the privilege to “minor points.” He has no resort to “bloody Inquisitions,” but he may abuse the “*heretic*” with a malicious tongue, (for the glory of God), or send “unbelievers” to hell, all the same. In all this how does Protestantism differ in kind from Catholicism? Says Archbishop Purcell, “God and the Church allow men to think. Man, if he think not, is man no more. But God and the Church *forbid* man to think *evil*.” Dr. Kirk could endorse this statement in behalf of Christian Orthodoxy. Unitarianism would not have to modify it much. Radicalism has a side which would not need to stay long at tinkering of it, before it would express its prevailing animus, if not its conscious purpose. The practice of Protestantism, in all its phases, conforms in a great degree to that of Romanism. It is superior in having for its foundation a true principle; for accepting, even in the poorest way, an “inward authority,” confessing thus the highest aspirations of the race to freedom, and its obligations to the private conscience. It only needs to build its superstructure on convictions, to command the fortunes of this and of every country. It is impotent only where its loyalty to itself is at low Christian ebb.

Catholicism does not fear Protestant Christianity. It cares little for any opposition that may come from an organization formed on “less sectarian ground,” unless that is seen as a transition step towards the open proclamation of reason as the supreme authority. Catholicism has a right to America, if

Protestantism on its own ground cannot maintain and increase its own supremacy. No alarm should excite to the building up of one Protestant party, armed and equipped with hot zeal to put down the enemy. No course could be adopted surer to work up a "religious war." No such effort is in harmony with the genius of the Protestant faith. Protestantism is a protest against party. Party knows neither reason or respect for the private judgment. It is the *curse* upon both. Protestantism, to the artificial systems which have controlled the world hitherto, is a *dis*-organizing power. This is the burden of its protest. It demands freedom of thought for all, with no *church* or *party* to "forbid." It protests against such interferences in behalf of natural order and unity. It seeks the organic growth of Society on the basis of unrestricted freedom of thought and action for all its members. It sets no limits. It says but this — and includes mankind: "Think, Judge, and be Free." It has nothing to do with the quibble about "thinking *evil*." The "evil" thinker may say, "mind your own business, *You think evil*," with just the same right.

The defense of Protestantism is to accept Reason, is to believe in itself. It is the atmosphere which such a faith will create that is alone competent to furnish a solution of the Romish problem. More "quietly" than Rome it may take possession of America. Quietly as *Reason*, detaching from Rome the best of every new generation? What is the one evil threatening America to-day! Precisely a want of reverence for Reason. Intellectual activity still at a discount, the reverence of people still paid to their fetish.

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#### THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PROSPECT.

FROM a Roman Catholic standpoint the prospect is by no means discouraging. If the reader should take a view of religious affairs in America from the same position, what would he or she discover? The so-called Protestant Church divided against itself into nearly a thousand different cliques with almost as much dislike existing between each and all of them, as they together feel for the Catholic. Each and all are professed adherents to the principle of private judgment; yet they sever-

more consistent with its confessed principle, than is now represented by the most liberal Christian sect. It has but a feeble claim upon the respect of mankind. Its past history has by no means been a brilliant one. It has never shown itself self-reliant. It has lopped off some of the old dogmas—concerning which it matters little what is believed—but the same temper controls it which rules Romanism. A German writer professed to find in early Christianity three distinct developments: first, that of authority; second, of intellect; third, of love: Catholicism, Protestantism, and then pure Christianity, or Loveism. But Protestantism, though boasting of intellectual achievements, has shown scarcely more “reason in religion” than Romanism. The Christian Protestant distrusts reason, is afraid of private judgment. He advocates liberty of opinion, and then restricts the privilege to “minor points.” He has no resort to “bloody Inquisitions,” but he may abuse the “*heretic*” with a malicious tongue, (for the glory of God), or send “unbelievers” to hell, all the same. In all this how does Protestantism differ in kind from Catholicism? Says Archbishop Purcell, “God and the Church allow men to think. Man, if he think not, is man no more. But God and the Church *forbid* man to think *evil*.” Dr. Kirk could endorse this statement in behalf of Christian Orthodoxy. Unitarianism would not have to modify it much. Radicalism has a side which would not need to stay long at tinkering of it, before it would express its prevailing animus, if not its conscious purpose. The practice of Protestantism, in all its phases, conforms in a great degree to that of Romanism. It is superior in having for its foundation a true principle; for accepting, even in the poorest way, an “inward authority,” confessing thus the highest aspirations of the race to freedom, and its obligations to the private conscience. It only needs to build its superstructure on convictions, to command the fortunes of this and of every country. It is impotent only where its loyalty to itself is at low Christian ebb.

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ally are bound to a system (Christianity) which tramples on this principle, and convicts them all, both orthodox and liberal, of a glaring inconsistency. These sects pride themselves on their appeal to reason ; but, in fact, none of them have so reasonable a basis as the Catholic. And between the two, Catholicism and Protestantism, (thus represented) the former may, even on grounds of reason and logic, well claim the strongest position, and the certainty of future triumphs. It accepts fully and never questions the supernatural basis of Christianity. It denies the right of private judgment when applied to the foundations of its belief, and says squarely, — the use of reason is to show its own limitations, and to prove that it cannot itself be depended on to discover or interpret the divine will. With this principle it is ever consistent. It continually asserts the uninspired judgment of the Church, and as steadily affirms the uninspired judgment of private minds. It thus maintains its strong position as the sole defender of Christianity as a *super-natural* revelation, agreeing with Protestant Christians that all other than this is Non-Christian.

From the Catholic point of view it thus would appear, even under circumstances but ordinarily favorable, that Protestantism must either abandon Christianity, or openly confess itself at war with the principle of "private judgment," and return to the bosom of the true Church. But circumstances are now *especially* favorable to Catholic interests. The Catholic sees with a clear vision over the roofs of so-called Protestant Churches, and announces that Protestantism proper is to be found out in the open world beyond ; and also, that there, the multitude already gathered, carries no Christian banner. "There," the Catholic exclaims, "is Private Judgment ! Christless, Churchless, without restraint ; preparing the pitfall into which you must all tumble, or check your course and return for safety to the Christian Church." As orthodox Christians pointed to Parker and warned Unitarianism of its inevitable drift, so the Catholic now persuades the whole Protestant-Christian fraternity. He is confident that conviction will come to a large part of Protestant Christians of whatever sect ; that they will be ready at no distant day to make common cause with the "One Church" against the further spread of *Rationalism*. Rational-

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ism and *Protestantism* are synonymous terms to the logical Catholic, and in this fact he reposes his belief in the absorption by Catholicism of all that retains the Christian name. He expects a new division of the world wherein the Catholic Church shall alone unfurl the Christian banner, as it did of old. He is undoubtedly a true prophet. With him the prophet of Rationalism in this respect must entirely agree.

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#### THE DRIFT OF CATHOLICISM.

THE vitality of the Catholic faith is by no means exhausted. But the Church must encounter modifying influences in a free country where it has no political protections, which may have an important bearing upon its future. The Pope in Italy declaims in opposition to "free thought." Here his priests profess to be its friends. In numerous instances they are courting free discussion. This license of debate, in which the laity as well as the bishops are beginning to indulge, can hardly fail, if continued, to lead to practical results,—the spirit of the institution become more in harmony with republican freedom, and the people more amenable to reason. For if the Church, from any motive, gives but a partial sanction to free inquiry, she is likely to arouse a sentiment within her pale to which, she must for a time, at least, in some measure conform. If Catholics once become accustomed to the right of asking, why? expecting a reasonable response, their expectations must not be wholly disappointed. There is a point beyond which the plea of "mystery," even with "superstitious" Catholics does not pass current. Instances are already fast accumulating of the authority of priests being set aside. Fenianism, whatever else it has been, has shown the possibility in some quarters of an independent Catholic laity. But this, it is claimed, is quite in accordance with the full discipline of the Church, which confesses that the time has arrived in the progress of the race when she can relax her restraints, proffering only her advice. One can seldom look into a Catholic publication without reading a somewhat indignant denial of Protestant "assertions," going to show that the Church is the friend of free government and liberal education.

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But such concessions are not fairly to be attributed to the progressive tendency of Catholicism itself. They are owing to the pressure of outside influences. It is rather the accommodation which an old and naturally despotic institution is forced to make to the spirit of a new age. It can no longer restrain or compel mankind by "force of arms," for the civil power has been wrested away from it. It must content itself with giving *advice*, and with such obedience as it can command by the use of "spiritual" appliances.

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NIRVANA.

"SWEET thanks, O Lord?

Never from me:

Alive in thee

I strike no chord:

Self is forgot,

I am — am not.

O rapture high —

*Life* only there!

Nor God, nor I,

Nor hope, nor care.

Life lost — Life found

With glory crowned!"

Then the approving Sky

Made sweet reply:

"Dear mortal in thy Vale of Tears,

Battling ever with hopes and fears:

Give o'er the quest

For happiness;

The limit's rest —

Illimitness —

Thou may'st not taste;

Taste is but waste.

Prove thou the bliss

Of ending strife

In Nothingness!

Leave feeding Life,

Keep Fast of manna —  
Live in NIRVANA !"

Their song ascending,  
All voices, blending  
In soul of man,  
Assure the plan :  
Repeat it with a song of glee,  
Till swoons the world in harmony:

"O rapture high —  
Abides the Sky,  
Goes out the god,  
Goes out the man !  
So doth the Sky  
Round in one plan.

"All outward test  
Of inward rest  
Full Life rejects.  
Pure joy he is  
Who ne'er as his  
The joy detects.

"O here is wealth,  
And flow of health,  
And bliss too great  
For heaven to freight !  
— But where is one  
Hath homage done ?"

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NOTHING is added when *Christian* is prefixed to the word Character ; or when one is spoken of as a *Christian* gentleman. A gentleman is simply a gentleman ; and character may not be appropriated by Christian, Mohammedan, or Pagan. How unworthy the nature of man are these tests which measure him by his bias for this or the other tradition. The good sectary is a bundle of memories. If he remembers well, and imitates well, in one part of the globe he is a good Christian ; elsewhere he is a good Mussulman. If you would read his true Character you must have access to his society when

these artificial pretensions are thrown off; or, you may yourself make allowance for such defects, and value the man at what he is to be capable of when emancipated. Character belongs to nature. The influence of sect destroys the free, natural growths of manhood, warps it into one-sided, antagonistic attitudes, and spoils the temper by over-heat.

THERE may be noticed most anywhere in America to-day a prevailing unwillingness to rate any man's worth by the color and shape of his Theology. If a man is a professed believer in Christ, the world at large cares very little: if he is not, it cares very little. Opinions are formed of him on other and quite independent grounds. He is viewed in the light of friend and neighbor, and not in the confusing rays of Christianity. If he dies, his eulogists turn to his virtues. It is found that his "unbelief" did not affect his character. Whatever he lacked related more to his prospects in the "life to come," than to his welfare here; or than to that of his fellowmen whose esteem he had in abundance. Of course a few will insist that somewhat, after all, was missing in his deportment, and precisely that which constitutes the peculiar glory of the true Christian. But the every-day tests, which the common people apply, set this assumption aside.

#### UNION—BY INTOLERANCE EXCEPT ON "MINOR POINTS."

AWRITER in the *Church Union* gives a plan for a new combination, which is designed to "promote the union of believers upon the fundamental truths of Christianity, and to ensure liberty of opinion with reference to all "minor points." The plan proposes that every minister shall take the following

##### "PLEDGE."

"I solemnly promise that I will teach nothing inconsistent with the following doctrinal position and tenets:

"1. The infallible inspiration and divine authority of the Holy Scriptures.

"2. Man's entire destitution of holiness previous to the new birth.

"3. The necessity of regeneration—a supernatural change wrought by the Holy Spirit.

- "4. Salvation through the atonement and mediation of Christ.
  - "5. The *true* and proper divinity of Jesus — his "consubstantiality" with the Father.
  - "6. Future endless rewards and punishments.
  - "7. Admission of all regenerated persons to Christ's table.
  - "8. Toleration of different modes of baptism, and of differences of opinion upon all doctrinal points not specified above.
- "Should any convictions of duty ever compel me to teach aught incompatible with this platform; in that case I will quietly withdraw from the body."

The writer adds that "such a pledge would be a safeguard against heresy and schism." Doubtless this is a mistake. The "heretical" cause finds no more efficient prompter than this sort of restriction. It is a sure stimulus to independent thought. To be sure, preachers as a class do but a small amount of thinking, but we surmise few could pledge anew the dogma of man's entire destitution of holiness previous to the "new birth," and not have their minds jogged considerably on in the operation. Let us hope it.

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THE drift of the following from a *Universalist* paper is good and encouraging. The author's grandson will be apt to have "culture-refinement of manners, and genuine spirituality of sentiment" sufficient to make "*exterior worship*," a thing quite impossible with him.

"It is a mistake to suppose that the highest type of character is necessarily expressed by what are commonly known as outward forms of worship, accompanied, it may be, with much feeling. Orthodox piety, on this account, is sometimes thought to make a nearer approach to the true standard than Universalism. Our theology, it is freely confessed, does not incite as marked an enthusiasm, as frequent a resort to the outward or formal observance of religion, as Orthodoxy. But let not our Orthodox brother triumph over our concession; for the Catholic leads him in the particular named quite as much as he leads the Universalist. Nor let the Catholic exult; for what is his observance of visible form of worship to the Mahometan's? And, still again, what is the Mohammedan compared to the Hindoo? We should not accept the proverb without some qualification, but there is a basis of fact in the statement, "*Ignorance* is the mother of devotion!" Confining our attention to the Protestant sects, we leave it with the intelligent observer to decide, as his eye glances along the array of sects including the Swedenborgians, Unitarians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Freewill Baptists, if the amount and energy of *exterior worship* is not in almost exact proportion to the

want of culture, refinement of manners, and the genuine spirituality of sentiment !

#### COURTING A CALL.

THE Church Union vouches that "the following is in downright, good earnest." We give its author the benefit of an advertisement, but think it is doubtful if *The Radical* is taken in any of the unpromising towns to which he so feelingly refers, where "Satan is rampant." Should he be "called" to either place, a few copies of *The Radical* could be placed at his disposal. Doubtless the chief trouble with most *wicked* people is, they need something better to *think* about.

#### WANTED.

I want a call to preach from some one of the many small towns that have from *one to three small church organizations*, and from one to seven old, unpainted, decaying church edifices, with no pastors. I will accept of the call on the following conditions :

- 1st. No missionary aid to be asked to pay my salary.
- 2d. The call must be signed by the official members of each separate organization.
- 3d. Each organization must pledge itself to pay a pro-rata part of salary, *whether you like me or not.*
- 4th. Salary must be sufficient to enable me to devote my whole time to my ministry, and must be paid quarterly ; *must be liberal.*
- 5th. There must be no other minister in the place acting as pastor.
- 6th. There must be no church in the place able to pay a minister a living salary by assessing 10 per cent. of its property represented.
- 7th. The church edifice to be used for worshipping God in, must be put in a good state of repair (no gewgaws), *even if the others have to be sold to pay the expenses — no matter if built in part by church extension funds, or foreign aid.*

I slip out of the usual way of obtaining a *call*, because I know of scores of just *such places*, *absorbing* poor people's hard-earned money, not to have the Gospel preached, but to have it filtered through their *ism*.

And I know of many other places where the *Gospel* is not preached at all, simply because those professing to love Jesus won't hear a man, called of God to teach, unless he *teach* them *what they think they know for certain already.*

I recently passed through a thickly-settled township, *eight miles square*, that has not a resident minister in it, although some eight or more fragmentary church organizations *exist on paper*. The youth of that town are growing up in all manner of wickedness, because the *Christian people* are too poor to propagate their sectarianism.

I am acquainted in another town, same size, having quite a large village within its bounds, within which are two churches, but no preaching. And in that village is a shop where all the vile and bawdy

literature, and *carte de visites* from the purlieus of vice of New York city are vended, from shelf and *via* post-office, and yet the *Christian people can't* have a living ministry. *They are too weak.* Satan is rampant there. (I wish they would call.)

Now, I *want* a call to some of these places :

1st. Not because I am out of work. I am on a good salary — better than you will give me — but,

2d. Because I think you are the *hardest kind of missionary ground*, and need converting from this terrible delusion whereby you are losing your own souls and causing thousands to grow old in sin.

3d. Because there is not one minister in ten that could live in your place, owing to a deficiency in his ministerial education, of which I will not speak now.

4th. Because I would like to have you know that you are much nearer alike than you think you are, and that there is no use of *your living as you do.*

5th. I want to save a host of valiant men by inaugurating a better system of distribution. Many little villes have three or four starvings piping their ism into willing ears, while many are left destitute.

I'll tell you how to work it. One town call me. Another adjoining town call some other man of another branch, who sees a shade differently, perhaps, from myself. A third call another of perhaps another shade. A fourth call another. We four men will interchange and co-work, and you shall have the benefit of our combined brains at the expense of one, *if you* choose. And we will reorganize and readjust our cliques and isms, and save thousands of dollars to spread the Gospel among the *heathen of other lands.*

I shall look for a call soon (D. V.) ; and if I get one, I shall accept of it. And then I know of other young men, with small families, who will be glad to take adjoining towns.

Will the religious press be so kind as to help me get a place to preach Jesus and him crucified, the only name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved.

Please send the call to the office of the CHURCH UNION, No. 6 Beekman street, New York.

P. S. — I am not forty ; will not be for six years to come. I am the husband of one wife, and she a good *one for me.* Did not marry her for parish. Am the father of two boys, noisy and lively.

AN ORTHODOX.

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#### POSITIVISM IN PARIS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Spectator* gives the following account of a visit to the Positivist Church in Paris : —

Having had the advantage during the past summer of hearing some of Mr. Congreve's Sunday lectures on the Positive Philosophy, I attended on Sunday last in Paris, moved by a desire for further information, M. Lafitte's inaugural sermon on the same subject. M. Lafitte, who takes the title in the printed programme of his lectures of

"Directeur du Positivisme," a man of vast and varied reading, represents in France what Mr. Congreve does in England, Positivism as a religion and a social reformation.

The convention was held in a room sacred to the Positivists in the apartments inhabited by Auguste Comte, at No. 10, Rue de Monsieur le Prince, the Kaaba or Santa Casa of the Comtists, which has been religiously preserved unaltered. A few relics of the master hung upon the walls. About thirty or forty persons were present, including seven ladies. A notice at the entrance requested:—"Les personnes qui viennent en sabots sont pries de les laisser au bas de l'escalier." The sermon lasted two hours. Any of your readers who happen to pass a Sunday in Paris before Easter can hear the eloquent director of Positivism at one o'clock, at the above named address. M. Lafitte complained angrily of Mr. J. S. Mill and M. Littré, who misled the public by presenting Positivism as a mere method of philosophical research, and ignoring its more important character. "Nous nous voulons une morale et un culte, et nous ne sommes pas des Capucins pour cela!" The worship and the ceremonial that are to be established M. Lafitte did not describe, but the hagiology of Positivism is nearly equal to that of the Roman Catholic Church, which it proposes to upset.

My object in writing to you, Sir, is to inquire from any Positivist who will be good enough to answer me, what right the School has in arrogating to itself the title of Positive? And in what it differs from every other school of philosophy? We have all been assured that it only admitted conclusions which are not open to controversy, and I learn now that Mr. J. S. Mill disagrees with Auguste Comte in the *Westminster Review*, and M. Littré complains of Mr. J. S. Mill in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Lafitte, "Directeur du Positivisme," tells me that both these eminent thinkers are heretics, and the orthodoxy of Mr. G. H. Lewes is suspected by Mr. Congreve!

In Germany, the fatherland of great thinkers, Auguste Comte has found no adherents. In England his adherents yearly increase.

In consulting an article on him in a German periodical, *Unsere Zeit*, I am informed that with the present diffusion of superficial knowledge the number of persons greatly increases who feel the intellectual want of a system of philosophy, and who have not leisure or vigor of intellect enough to master Hegel and his commentators. This respectable and numerous class are very fairly supplied by the Positive philosophy with what they seek and require, says the German reviewer.

And A. Comte himself, to the surprise of Mr. Mill and the regret of M. Littré, surrenders at the end of his work (VI., 639) the very basis upon which his whole system is constructed. He claims in express terms an unlimited license "of adopting without any vain scruple hypothetical conceptions, in order to satisfy within proper limits our just mental inclinations, which always turn with an instinctive predilection towards simplicity, continuity, and generality of conception." "A complete dereliction of the essential principles which form the Positive conception of science," adds Mr. J. S. Mill in his book on Comte (p 62). I have never had any other complaint against the Positive philosophy beyond that it "did not satisfy our just mental inclinations," as its author himself admits.

UNDOUBTEDLY there is some truth in the following from the *Watchman and Reflector*, to be seen by any eye but a "liberal Christian's."

The Unitarian church in Baltimore is styled the "Church of the Saviour." It is now enjoying the ministry of Rev. J. F. W. Ware, under whose lead there is an effort made by the circulation of tracts to diffuse liberal views of religion. One of these tracts is published in the *Christian Register* with commendation. It seeks to awaken the reader's attention to his *soul*. He is reminded that a good Being came into the world to look after men's souls, to cause them to feel that their souls were worth saving, and set them upon doing it. But it seems, from the tenor of the tract, that Jesus, after all, does not save the soul, and cannot save any soul. We read as follows:

"Christ could stretch out His hand and save Peter. It was only his body that was sinking before the wrath of the wind and the water. He could not save Judas. It was a soul sinking, and only the soul's self could save it. Judas would sin. He would not save himself. Only can the soul be saved by itself."

On this theory, why is Christ called the Saviour? He cannot save the soul,—what does He save? It seems to us a very delicate process,—trying to use Christian phraseology while denying the most obvious Christian ideas.

THERE has been organized in Madison, Wis., a "Free Religious Association." We find in a late *State Journal*, the following statement of its principles and action:

Its principle is the recognition of the common religion of humanity, that deeper ground below all the creeds of Christendom, Catholic or Protestant, or even of Pagandom, in which all men are one, the Spiritual unity of the race — a unity that is voiced and evidenced in the fact that the golden rule and the moral precepts which constitute the essential teachings of Jesus, are also taught and held in common, as essential truths, in all the religions and creeds of mankind. On this deep and universal ground of unity it is thought possible to found a fellowship that should leave free all the tendencies of thought and varieties of mere opinion, since these tendencies, however sceptical, never go so far as to cut up this root of moral and spiritual unity among men. It is presumed and proposed that this fellowship of the spirit will eventuate in a corresponding fellowship of work — a fellowship that shall disown or exclude none from its sympathy and charity

on account of creed or opinion, as some so-called Christian associations do, but include all on equal terms who own or share the common brotherhood of man. It would begin this fellowship of work by appealing in sympathy to all in whom the instinct of improvement lives — by inviting and drawing all in whom this instinct may by any means be revived, if apparently dead, and placing them within the spheres of pure influence which it would provide. Recognizing the natural innocence, and needfulness of amusements in all their variety, it would ultimately afford them to all who want, and in close connection with them, presenting such opportunities of intellectual improvement — such moral and social incitements as shall freshen and stimulate in true directions all who may engage.

. . . . .

The order of exercises for the first evening, as provided by the by-laws of the Association, will be an original paper by the temporary chairman, Judge Paine, on which brief remarks or discussion will ensue by members, to be followed by a recess of thirty minutes for conversation or more familiar interchange on the same or other topics after which an opportunity will be afforded for the presentation of papers, original or selected, on any topic which the taste or judgment of any member may suggest, and this again may be followed by music, or such other entertainment as the company may provide. To the meetings and membership of the association all orderly persons are cordially and earnestly invited, whether professed religionists or not, whether included in or excluded from any existing Christian Association; all alike are invited to come and stand on *equal terms of fellowship with all*, and aid in the promotion of the common good.

M. G. KIMBALL.

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WE find the following in the *Christian Register* of a recent date:

Rev. Mr. Abbot, of Dover, N. H., recently preached a sermon to his people which may be regarded as a farewell discourse. In this he defined his present position. From the report of a secular paper of Dover we learn that he advocated the doctrine of Theism in distinction from Christianity. His position is thus stated: 1st, that Christianity is merely one among many religions; 2d, that each religion is partly true and partly false; and 3d, that pure Theism which is the common element, the universal essence of all religions, is by itself greater and truer than them all.

He furthermore said that he claimed to be neither a Unitarian nor a Christian, but simply a Theist. He thus concludes :

"In resigning the names Unitarian and Christian, I do so with full knowledge of the grave, practical consequences that must ensue ; but wishing ever to be docile to the teachings of life, this step seems to me the plain lesson of recent circumstances. Outside of Christianity must my protest against error and sin henceforth be heard ; but not outside of religion, not, I trust, outside of spiritual fidelity,—not, I believe in my soul, outside of God. Face to face with him at every step, let us toil faithfully on — you in the ancient fold, I in the broad and trackless wilderness of the outer world,— both, I pray, under the arched embrace of a still benignant heaven."

We understand that Mr. Abbot, in consequence of his present convictions, has also requested his name to be erased from the list of ministers in the Year Book of the American Unitarian Association.

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IT is a pleasure to record that in resigning his place in Dover, Mr. Abbot failed to properly estimate the people with whom he had been associated. As represented above, he announced with unmistakable clearness his own position, and then said to his people, "Farewell," little dreaming, it would seem, that he could any longer look for their co-operation and support. A Boston journal, ever ready for a bit of pious cant, made the "brief mention" that Mr. Abbot had "been compelled to resign his place because his people wanted a *Christian* minister." Thus the Dover Society were misunderstood by their minister and the Christian world outside, as the reader will bear witness when informed that they have abandoned their church, gone into a hall, re-called Mr. Abbot, and pledged themselves with him to bear up the standard of free thought as it behooves all good Americans to do. It was no crime for Mr. Abbot to doubt them. Doubtless they had given him little direct assurance that they were not of the world worldly, as it is the interest of conservatism to believe. He could not well measure the effect of his teachings. He had never worked them up into revival excitements. They themselves had had no opportunity for proving even to their own consciousness their real faith. Perhaps it should be said that his resignation was just what they needed. It left them free. Theirs was the responsibility. It is one of those often-occurring cases in which the people of the present age, suddenly called to face a new

phase of affairs, and move forward from old associations and methods of work to a broader purpose and larger field, belie the "traditions of the elders," and prove that the discovery of a new world meant also a new era.

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### BOOK NOTICES.

**THE SUNDAY LAW UNCONSTITUTIONAL AND UNSCRIPTURAL.** An Argument Presented in Committee of the Whole in the Massachusetts Legislature. By NATHANIEL C. NASH. Boston: Printed for the Author. 1868.

THIS is a deliberate and solid argument upon a subject about which the author, and other distinguished friends of religious and intellectual freedom in Boston, have thought and felt and acted with earnestness and vigor.

This pamphlet shows that the Sunday Law is not only a gross violation of the Constitution of Massachusetts, but that it is equally indefensible on Scriptural grounds. We long since learned to look for the most dogged adherence, on the part of religious sectarians, to all sorts of absurd enactments,—and it is plainly by these alone that the Sunday Law is maintained,—but when they are convicted out of their own mouth, it does seem as if argument and the Spirit of the Time might overcome them. For our part we would not so far allow the Christian doctrine of the authority of the Scriptures as to quote them even against this Law. We should make our argument on grounds of *American* instead of Judean religion,—of the new, and not of the old civilization,—and there abide until people became American in their religion. But we suppose such arguments as this must be made, and assuredly this one is well made. J. B. M.

**THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AND FREE THOUGHT.** A Controversy between Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati, and Thomas Vickers, Minister of the First Congregational Church of the same city. Together with an Appendix containing the Encyclical Letter and Syllabus of Pope Pius IX. Cincinnati. 1868.

THERE is a letter of Mad. Swetchine's, in which she criticises the accusations that were made by M. de Lamennais against the encyclical letters of the papacy. She says, "all these encyclical letters are but exponents of the order, the duties, and the virtues which uncreated Wisdom brought down to earth. Nowhere do they express any approbation of tyranny. In them a father reminds his children that it belongs to God to remove the ills that weigh upon them, and that heaven is well worth all the patience and submission exercised upon earth. They give us a sense at once of sorrow and restraint."

Few persons ever did more than Mad. Swetchine herself, to remove, without waiting for God, or shifting the responsibility upon Him, the ills that weigh upon so many miserable creatures. "The poor ye have always with you," says the Catholic Church, meaning that Poverty is a divine institution, and that society without paupers would quickly fall into anarchy. The more intelligent minds of that Church contemplate pauperism as a standing opportunity for the development of all the tender tourists that swell the train of Charity. But they do not yet propose plans for making pity superfluous by obviating the causes that excite it.

It is one object of an American Republic and of a Free Religion to do this thing: to organize society upon the more perfect Charity whose root is Justice; to make the pauper, the miserable and the oppressed, superior to our pity, and to put all men in a condition mutually to concede benefits to each other: to substitute Fraternity for Guardianship.

The spirit of the encyclical letter which Mr. Vicker's treats so sharply in the above pamphlet, is directly hostile to this glorious commission of the Republic. And the papacy, while waiting for its opportunities, is willing that we should welcome all its Catholic emigrants to comfort, privilege and manliness, such as no country of the Old World, certainly not Ireland, can secure for them. The Pope's encyclical letter comes to us in the disguise of these supplicating millions who crave work, bread, position, lands and votes. When they have mastered these advantages, the decrepit encyclical will throw off its disguises, shoot up to domineering stature, and use its naturalization for unnatural purposes. The Catholic Church is essentially anti-republican, because it likes to have a great many poor and miserable people to take care of, who can never get out of their minority of ignorance superstition and want: they are kept helpless to stimulate religious sensibilities, and to provide work for dangerous intelligence and feeling. The Church is willing to pass its Irish through our common schools, that they may learn to read and properly interpret its encyclicals. The future only can decide whether that interpretation shall be thoroughly republican and fraternal, or whether the prejudices and exclusions which the papacy has always skilfully nourished, shall take root here also, and grow up to inherit the obstructiveness of Slavery.

Mr. Vickers has done a good work in exposing the drift of the encyclical letters: this appears to us to be the most substantial part of his pamphlet. The other pages are encumbered with too many petty controversial points. He has the advantage of the Archbishop in temper and in largeness both of motion and intelligence. These pages must have cost him a good deal of labor, for which we ought to return thanks to him, especially as these personal controversies are thankless tasks, reduced only by an unquipped desire to rescue some truth from bad treatment, and to make its value shine.

J. W.

OPPORTUNITY. A Novel. By ANNE MONCURE CRANE, author of "EMILY CHESTER." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

THE two books which Miss Crane has lately given to the American

public, are remarkable, not so much in themselves, as in being among the decided "signs of the times." They are the saddest exponent of the direction of American social life, the expression of American social disease. A physician knows by symptoms, unimportant in themselves, the nature and extent of his patient's trouble, and to any thoughtful person who reads Miss Crane's stories (and we have only chosen her as the representative of a class), comes a sad assurance of the morbid and unwholesome state of the morals of American society. These books are devoured by hundreds and thousands of our young girls, who heap upon them all the admiring epithets in the school-girl's vocabulary; they are "fascinating," they are "lovely," they are "perfectly splendid," and alas, to too many, *mutato nomine*, they are perfectly natural. Girls are brought up to believe that love is a little episode that comes before marriage; *that* is quite a different affair, and in anything so serious as a settlement for life, the tender passion should not be allowed to lightly enter. Books like "Emily Chester," "Moods," and "Opportunity," are merely the outgrowth of the popular sentiment, hardly the fault of their writers. Certainly they are faults, because a writer ought always to be a reformer, but, in the sex where the emotional element predominates so much over the reasoning faculties, it becomes the fault of society, rather than of the individual who is the instrument of expression. Miss Crane, with all her undoubted power, has not had strength enough to overcome a certain prejudice of society which we have already hinted at; her books sustain that social tone which gave them life. A woman, she says, in the book whose name stands at the head of this article (I am not sure of reproducing her exact words), a woman can never write with any interest unless she writes her autobiography into a novel. That is evidently Miss Crane's sincere belief, and on that hint, it is to be presumed, she speaks. If it is true, her history is unhappily not an uncommon one. Her books are eagerly sought for and widely read, because so many young girls fancy they find in them their own history, because so many *do* find it there. Anything like an old fashioned, wholesome love affair seems to be almost impossible in the present state of society. "There is scarcely a pair of lovers ~~but~~, in any feeling magazine," says the *Saturday Review*, "who can be said to be always on speaking terms. They are forever passing each other in the park with a haughty bow, and turning away sharply and suddenly to conceal their internal anguish." There seems to be in this situation of things an indefinable charm for the young people of today. Of course the harm would not be so great if this were all, if they played at tragedy and sentimentality for awhile, and then settled back into the simple hearty sentiment which used to "make the world go round." But a great evil lies behind.

It is a nearly universal belief among girls that very few people marry for love; Miss Crane teaches this doctrine, their mothers teach it at home, the people they meet with in the world teach it; if occasionally nature and love do prevail, "society" puts up its eye glass with a quizzical stare at the *contretemps*. Falling in love is conducted on the plan of private theatricals; girls still desire it, still believe in the power of love, of self-abnegation,

which has been woman's prerogative through the ages, it affords pretty scope for acting, which sometimes, indeed, deceives the actors and actresses themselves. Cruel fate intervenes, there is a good deal of mute agony and pride, the last farewells are said, the curtain falls on the inevitable fifth act, the actress takes off her stage finery, lays aside the crown and sceptre, abdicates her mock sovereignty — which used to be real — and devotes herself to life's serious business again. What is that? Old-fashioned people used to say that it was love; the children of this generation are wiser than they, and know it means — getting an establishment. Whose circle, however small it may be, but is large enough to take in some matches of very questionable fitness?

"Of course I would n't marry a man whom I did n't love, but it is just as easy to love where there is money," said a young lady, not long ago, to us. Does not that show how easy the little comedy of love may be to such a well-regulated person? A few tears, a little sorrow when the pretty play is over, and then decent resignation as the moneyed rival appears. Or it may be that this comedy is the first one played; Love, with his wings neatly screened, and those useless arrows laid by in a corner, can easily be made to cast the "purple light" over features ever so old, ever so vapid, ever so vicious, if the yellow light of gold is there also; girls of the present day have him in such subjection! Why will not some troubadours arise to sing the constancy of women to — an establishment! "Love's a very good thing, but money's a better," said a young man, expressing, we believe, the conviction of more than half the world. There is a common little toy seen at fairs and in parlors, representing a pair of scales with a money-bag in one, and a heart in the other. The poor little red flannel heart is flying up in the air; the solid "\$100,000" outweighs it many times. Was it made first in sad satire? It has been accepted in an unconsciousness of the satire which is sadder yet.

"Opportunity" could not have been written in America a hundred years ago. If it had been written, if the spirit of the age had been such that it could have been written, America would not have stood where she did during the war. If there is any truth in the theory of transmission, if the parents do, in any degree, influence the child that is born of them, what can be the result of the marriages that are being made, God help us, about us every day! The saddest cases rise in our mind as we write; cases that have come under our personal observation, of girls who have gone to a husband's arms, a "good match," with a lover's kisses warm upon their lips. Poor things! The sin is hardly theirs. They are so blinded by extant social prejudices that they do not see what they are doing. It seems to them a little sad perhaps, desperate perhaps, unutterably loathsome and hideous perhaps, but for all that, not a sin. It is in compliance with this prejudice that Miss Crane makes her hero, whom she has endowed with all the rainbow colors of her fancy, marry a woman whom he does not love, and Miss Crane does not hint at the wrong of his deed, praises him for it rather, because he marries, from pity, a girl who loves him. Therein he dishonors his wife, Harvey Burney, the girl whom he does love and who

loves him, and himself. There is nothing noble in the act, however Miss Crane may have invested it with romance ; it is cowardly, dishonorable, treacherous. Harvey Burney, who loves him, sees that he is about to take this fatal step, can save him by a word, is silent ; out of what ? a regard for his promised violation of all truth, and a pity for the girl who is to be sacrificed. All this is horribly false to truth, but horribly true to society. It is Miss Crane's code of honor, and, alas, not Miss Crane's only, but nearly all the world's, especially when the sacred element of money comes in.

The advocates of woman's rights (which much vexed question we do not mean to discuss here), seem to us to have forgotten one important right : that, namely, of bringing forth men who are fit to govern America. While woman do not take that to themselves — and they cannot, while marriage is regarded as it is at present, all the other claims must fall to the ground. Of what use to a woman to vote, to write books, to study abstract sciences, to preach from the pulpits of the land, while she herself is a victim, and is bringing up sons and daughters to be victims of the legalized prostitution which society calls marriage ?

Is it calling things by too ugly names ? Till the men and women of America dare to look the thing in its ugly face, dare to cast aside all the shams and shames, the glare and glitter with which "society" invests it, there can be no earnest lives, no earnest work, no great men, no great nation. Books like Miss Crane's will multiply the product and source of corruption ; the "social evil" horribly increase, and America, with this curse dwarfing each generation as it comes, never rise to greatness.

**ITALY, ROME AND NAPLES**, from the French of Henri Taine. By JOHN DURAND. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. 1868. From Lee & Shepard's, Boston.

Without romance or sentimentalism, this book retains one's rapt attention throughout. We are interested in the scenery, in the people, and in the works of art.

M. Taine is a self-reliant interpreter, and a strong constructive thinker. His mind is a clear spring. He neither gives undue eulogy to the antique because it is antique, nor bores us with weak sentimentalism over Christian associations.

By his fine analysis of the characters and genius of the artists of the sixteenth century, he kindles new admiration and enthusiasm, not only for them, but over the view he furnishes of the great natural sources whence their genius sprung ; and still he does not make one feel, as most art-critics do, that the masters attained unapproachable heights.

The chapter upon the Social State — Politics, Science and Religion of Italy, is particularly good.

When the remaining works in this series are published : Italy (Florence and Venice), — The Philosophy of Italian Art — The Ideal in Art — M. Taine may become in art, what he is already in English Literature — the authority.

J. B. M.